SONGS OF DOGS

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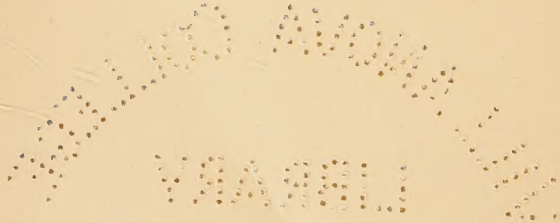

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THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF

"SKIPPER"

AN IRISH TERRIER OF PARTS
WHO DEARLY LOVED HIS FOLKS

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FOREWORD

Has the dog a soul and does it attain immortality? Let those who have lost beloved pets answer. Surely, if ever the wish were father to the thought, it is here. The uncompromising frankness and the pathos of Mr. Galsworthy's "Memories" alone will plumb the depths of emotion in all dog-lovers. And it may be remarked that this little book is intended for them above all others.

Beyond all peradventure, the dog represents man's greatest conquest over the brute creation, in which his great reward has been a four-footed love so wonderful, so almost divine in its character, that he cannot bring himself to believe in its extinction —

"Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?"

He (or was it she?) was something more than a cynical epigrammatist who said, "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs." And it may not be venturing too much to say that the Darwinian Theory might be easier of assimilation if presented in canine habiliments.

Our kinship with the beasts of the field is stoutly maintained by some of our most gifted writers of wild animal life who are neither Buddhists nor interested in the doctrine of Reincarnation. What-

ever our opinions, however, none of us will be inclined to take issue with the challenge put forth by Albert Payson Terhune in connection with the epitaph written for his famous collie, "Lad," which may be found within:

"Some people are wise enough to know that a dog has no soul. These will find ample theme for mirth in our foolish inscription. But no one who knew Lad will laugh at it."

R. F.

New York
October, 1920

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE editor acknowledges his indebtedness to the following authors and publishers for the use of copyright poems:

Messrs. Boni & Liveright for "Good Dogs," by Baudelaire.

The Century Company for "Frances," from *Ashes and Sparks*, by Richard Wightman.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. and Mr. Rudyard Kipling for "The Power of the Dog," from Mr. Kipling's *Collected Verse*.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. for the following poems taken by permission: "The War Dog," from the volume by that title, by Edward Peple; "Laddie," "Vigi," and "To Sigurd," from *Sigurd — Our Golden Collie*, by Katharine Lee Bates, copyright, 1919; "Lad's Epitaph," from *Lad — A Dog*, by Albert Payson Terhune, copyright, 1919.

The Field and Fancy Publishing Co. for "Behind the Muzzle," "His Good Points," and "The Joy of Pedigree," by W. Livingston Larned; and "Laddie's Long Sleep," by James Clarence Harvey.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers for "The Road to Vagabondia," from *Poems,* by Dana Burnet, copyright, 1915.

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Unfailing," from *Harvest Moon*, and "Ode on the Dog," from *The Book of the Little Past*, by Josephine Preston Peabody; "The Old Sheep Wagon,"

from *Out where the West Begins*, by Arthur Chapman; "The Vagabonds," by J. T. Trowbridge; "The Outcast" and "Chance," from *Riders of the Stars*, and "The Dog-Star Pup" and "The Lost Trail," from *Songs of the Trail*, by Henry Herbert Knibbs.

Mr. Mitchell Kennerley for "The Ould Hound," from *Irish Poems*, by Arthur Stringer.

Messrs. John Lane & Co. for "Fidele's Grassy Tomb," from *The Island Race*, by Henry Newbolt; "Ave Cæsar" and "The Bath," from *The Vagabonds*, by R. C. Lehmann.

Life Publishing Co. for "To a Little Deaf Dog," by Ethellyn Brewer DeFoe.

Messrs. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company for "Faithful Follower, Gentle Friend," from *Memorial Day and Other Poems*, by Richard Burton.

The Macmillan Company for "Geist's Grave," by Matthew Arnold.

Mr. David McKay for "Tim — An Irish Terrier," from *Poems from Leinster*, by Winifred M. Letts.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for "Rhapsody on a Dog's Intelligence," and "Remarks To My Grown-Up Pup," from *Rhymes of Home*, by Burges Johnson.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "To My Dog Blanco," by Dr. J. G. Holland; "His Vanished Master," from *Songs and Poems*, by John J. Chapman; "Abandonment," from *Moods, Songs and Doggerels*, and "Memories," from *The Inn of Tranquillity*, by John Galsworthy, copyright, 1912.

Messrs. James T. White & Co. for "The Re-

proach," from *City Pastorals and Other Poems*, by William Griffith.

American Magazine for "Frenchie," by Sergeant Frank D. McCarthy, A.E.F.

Baily's Magazine (London) for "Walking a Puppy," by Will H. Ogilvie.

Blackwood's Magazine for "To Rufus — A Spaniel," by R. C. Lehmann.

Boston Transcript for "Cluny," by Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane; "Roger and I," by Rev. Julian S. Cutler.

Century Magazine for "Davy," by Louise Imogen Guiney; and "Without are Dogs," by Edward A. Church.

Country Gentleman for "To John — My Collie," by Walter Peirce.

London Spectator for "Hamish — A Scotch Terrier," by C. Hilton Brown.

New York Sun for "Frost — My Bull Terrier," by Wex Jones.

Outing Magazine for "You're a Dog," by C. L. Gilman; and "The End of the Season," by W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

Philadelphia Public Ledger for "To a Puppy," by Lewette Beauchamp Pollock.

Poetry — A Magazine of Verse for "Bess," by Orrick Johns.

Punch for "Dandie Dinmonts," by Will H. Ogilvie; "Sir Bat-Ears," by Mrs. Parry Eden; "To Towser," by Cyril Bretherton; and "To a Dachshound," by E. T. Hopkins.

St. Nicholas Magazine for "I've Got a Dog," by Ethel M. Kelley.

Scribner's Magazine for "In the Mansion Yard," by William Hervey Woods.

Westminster Gazette for "To Tim — An Irish Terrier," and "To Scott — A Collie," by Winifred M. Letts.

Youth's Companion for "Sir Walter's Friend," and "The Dog Who Loved You So," by Zitella Cocke.

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THE FRIEND OF MAN

EULOGY ON THE DOG

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there, by his graveside, will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST

SONGS OF DOGS

TO MY DOG BLANCO

My dear dumb friend, low lying there,
  A willing vassal at my feet, —
Glad partner of my home and fare,
  My shadow in the street, —

I look into your great brown eyes,
  Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
  Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found
  Within myself or human kind
Hath royally informed and crowned
  Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
  For that one heart which, real and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
  And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
  Nor cruel loss, nor scoff, nor pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
  Can move you from my side.

As patient under injury
  As any Christian saint of old;
As gentle as a lamb with me,
  But with your brothers bold.

More playful than a frolic boy,
  More watchful than a sentinel —
By day and night your constant joy
  To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast —
  The while you whine and lick my hand —
And thus our friendship is confessed,
  And thus we understand.

Ah, Blanco! Did I worship God
  As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod,
  With your humility —

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
  As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
  My life would grow divine.

Josiah Gilbert Holland

FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB

The Squire sat propped in a pillowed chair,
His eyes were alive and clear of care,
But well he knew that the hour was come
To bid good-bye to his ancient home.

He looked on garden, wood, and hill,
He looked on the lake, sunny and still;
The last of earth that his eyes could see
Was the island church of Orchardleigh.

The last that his heart could understand
Was the touch of the tongue that licked his hand:
"Bury the dog at my feet," he said,
And his voice dropped, and the Squire was dead.

Now the dog was a hound of the Danish breed,
Staunch to love and strong at need:
He had dragged his master safe to shore
When the tide was ebbing at Elsinore.

From that day forth, as reason would,
He was named "Fidele," and made it good:
When the last of the mourners left the door
Fidele was dead on the chantry floor.

They buried him there at his master's feet,
And all that heard of it deemed it meet:
The story went the round for years,
Till it came at last to the Bishop's ears.

Bishop of Bath and Wells was he,
Lord of the lords of Orchardleigh;
And he wrote to the Parson the strongest screed
That Bishop may write or Parson read.

The sum of it was that a soulless hound
Was known to be buried in hallowed ground:
From scandal sore the Church to save
They must take the dog from his master's grave.

The heir was far in a foreign land,
The Parson was wax to my Lord's command:
He sent for the Sexton and bade him make
A lonely grave by the shore of the lake.

The Sexton sat by the water's brink
Where he used to sit when he used to think:
He reasoned slow, but he reasoned it out,
And his argument left him free from doubt.

"A Bishop," he said, "is the top of his trade:
But there's others can give him a start with the spade:
Yon dog, he carried the Squire ashore,
And a Christian could n't ha' done no more."

The grave was dug; the mason came
And carved on stone Fidele's name:
But the dog that the Sexton laid inside
Was a dog that never had lived or died.

So the Parson was praised, and the scandal stayed,
Till, a long time after, the church decayed,
And, laying the floor anew, they found
In the tomb of the Squire the bones of a hound.

As for the Bishop of Bath and Wells,
No more of him the story tells;
Doubtless he lived as a Prelate and Prince,
And died and was buried a century since.

And whether his view was right or wrong
Has little to do with this my song;
Something we owe him, you must allow;
And perhaps he has changed his mind by now.

The Squire in the family chantry sleeps,
The marble still his memory keeps:

Remember, when the name you spell,
There rest Fidele's bones as well.

For the Sexton's grave you need not search,
'T is a nameless mound by the island church:
An ignorant fellow, of humble lot —
But he knew one thing that a Bishop did not.

Henry Newbolt

HE'S JUST A DOG

Here is a friend who proves his worth
Without conceit or pride of birth.
Let want or plenty play the host,
He gets the least and gives the most —
He 's just a dog.

He's ever faithful, kind and true;
He never questions what I do,
And whether I may go or stay,
He's always ready to obey —
'Cause he's a dog.

Such meager fare his want supplies!
A hand caress, and from his eyes
There beams more love than mortals know;
Meanwhile he wags his tail to show
That he's my dog.

He watches me all through the day,
And nothing coaxes him away;
And through the night-long slumber deep
He guards the home wherein I sleep —
And he's a dog.

I wonder if I'd be content
To follow where my master went,
And where he rode — as needs he must —
Would I run after in his dust
Like other dogs?

How strange if things were quite reversed —
The man debased, the dog put first.
I often wonder how 't would be
Were he the master 'stead of me —
And I the dog.

A world of deep devotion lies
Behind the windows of his eyes;
Yet love is only half his charm —
He'd die to shield my life from harm —
Yet he's a dog.

If dogs were fashioned out of men
What breed of dog would I have been?
And would I e'er deserve caress,
Or be extolled for faithfulness
Like my dog here?

As mortals go, how few possess
Of courage, trust, and faithfulness
Enough from which to undertake,
Without some borrowed traits, to make
A decent dog!

Joseph M. Anderson

YOU 'RE A DOG

At the kennel where they bred you they were raising fancy pets,
Yellow did n't matter, so the blood was blue.
But the Red Gods mixed a medicine that cancelled all their bets —
Make your tail say " thanks ": they 've made a dog of you.

You have heard the wolf-pack howling and have barked a full defiance;
You have chased the moose and routed out the deer;
You have worked and played and lived with man in honorable alliance,
You have shared his tent and camp-fire as his peer.

When you might have copped the ribbon you have worn the harness-collar,
Pulling thrice your weight through brush and slush and bog.
Sure, you might have been a " champion," without value save the dollar,
But the Red Gods made you priceless —
You 're a dog!

C. L. Gilman

BRAN AND THE BLOODY TREE

Finn the son of Fiona Finn rode into the cabin yard
Where Bran was beating a great wolf-hound,
Roped to a tree three times around;
But the fall of the club was the only sound,
For the brave and the strong die hard.

Beneath the slant of his feathered hat the face of
Finn grew red;
His hand was quick to his hunting gun
That shone — a threat in the mountain sun —
"Another stroke — an' your life is done!
Make loose the dog!" he said.

Bran stood straight in the sunlight and blinked at
the morning sky;
His tongue was stiff with the taste of fear
And the voice of Finn was in his ear:
"God may forgive ye, clean and clear,
But never the dog nor I!

"His kin have crouched at the feet of Kings and
you think to kill his pride!"
The rope fell slack to the bloody ground,
Then up from the tree gat the great wolf-hound,
And followed Finn as he reined him round
And over the mountain-side.

Then thunder spake from the silence and shattered
the Bloody Tree,
And the heart of Bran was filled with dread,
As the ground was washed of its clotted red,
And a cross of black stood in its stead,
As the dawn rose tremblingly.

O. R.

THE MUSHERS

Where crawls the Northern Mail still farther North
Beyond the ken of transit's conquering eye,
Nor steam, nor harnessed gas, nor thunderbolt
May draw the loads of men, but only you —

You padded-footed foot-pad, from frost immune
You mush in Arctic ice as it were June —
My Husky.

Where crouching Nature saps all human strength,
The mushing man must look to dog for aid;
Where roaring Blizzard shows his icy teeth,
You packed my pack and drew my crowded sled;
You strained your back — you wolf in leather thongs,
To right by day your endless nightly wrongs —
My Husky.

Where gold lures man out yonder, where copper calls,
Where pelts of Noah's children fill the traps,
You hid your fangs and bent to human will,
By day a servant; by night a howling fiend,
Your wolf-call piercing down the lonesome trail
Till frozen Storm King shivered at your wail —
My Husky.

Across that land we mushed together, Dog!
Of heart-breaks many, till that happy day
We hit the scent of Nature's treasure chest
And burned the lid to warm our palsied shins.
To-night in comfort dream we by the fire
While fifty banks to guard our gold aspire —
My Husky.

My beard was brown but now it's Winter's white,
And your black coat, my Husky, fades to brown—
Two pals, trail-broke and true, we nod in peace
Where harnessed lightning lights our drowsy house,

And man's machines may waft us here and there —
On sea or land — or wing us through the air —
My Husky.

Yet one thing have we missed, you, Dog — and I;
No children paw your back nor seek my knee.
Alone we wandered through those endless worlds,
And lost Youth's right to claim Youth's fruitful mate.
Alone we sprawl with Memory's bulging noons
While Fancy leads us through lost honeymoons —
My Husky.

So here we nest, two tired sourdoughs,
Until the call shall come to hit that trail
That bends one lonesome way and only one;
Nor musher meets with musher homeward bound;
I'll ask, when yonder, you shall enter, too,
And Heaven's Auditor will welcome you —
My Husky.

You Malamute! Life-guest within my gates!
If hell be our reward at Judgment Day,
I know through hell you'll mush along with me
To draw my load of unforgiven sins —
But if through Judgment Gate we enter Paradise,
At heel you'll sulk to dream of endless ice —
My Husky.

Joseph Blethen

DANDIE DINMONTS

Pepper or Mustard — what 's the odds?
Valiant, varmint, lithe and low,
These were the hounds that the wise old gods
Took to their hunting an æon ago;

These when the wild boar stamped and stood,
  These when the gaunt wolf snapped at bay,
Grim and relentless, rash and rude,
  Went for the throat in the Dandie way.

Deep in the slope of that dome-like head,
  Under that top-knot crimped and curled,
Surely the fighting fire was fed
  Before the fires were cool in the world;
Surely 't was these that the cave-men kept,
  Comrades in hunting, sport and war,
Sharing the shelves where their masters slept,
  Tearing the bones that their masters tore.

No? — Well, have it the way you please;
  But I'll wager it was n't a show-ring Fox,
Poodle or Pom or Pekingese,
  That bayed the Mammoth among the rocks;
But something tousled and tough and blue,
  Lined like a weasel — arch and dip,
Coming up late, as the Dandies do,
  And going right in with the Border grip.

Will H. Ogilvie

THE IRISH WOLF-HOUND

As fly the shadows o'er the grass
  He flies with step as light and sure,
He hunts the wolf through Tostan Pass
  And starts the deer by Lisanoure.
The music of the Sabbath bells,
  O Con! has not a sweeter sound
Than when along the valley swells
  The cry of John MacDonnell's hound.

His stature tall, his body long,
His back like night, his breast like snow,
His foreleg pillar-like and strong,
His hind leg like a bended bow,
Rough curling hair, head long and thin,
His ear a leaf so small and round —
Not Bran, the favorite dog of Finn,
Could rival John MacDonnell's hound.

Denis Florence McCarthy

THE REPROACH

To-day hell chuckled at another lie,
That gave no human being any pain,
Except one temporary soul. Nor Cain
Was more heart-heavy when he came to die.

I branded him a cur that by-and-bye
Would go the way of mongrels and be slain,
By man nor God regretted: clear and plain
Were the reproaches written in his eye.

He bridled slightly ere he slunk away
An hour ago and perished in a bog,
Saving two children who had gone astray:
Since when the sirens sounding through the fog
Are Gabriel horns that thunder me to pray,
Or to be damned for slandering my dog.

William Griffith

THE OUTCAST

With trill of birds adown the dawn there came
A golden pathway through the eastern pass,
And in the gold were eyes of amber flame
That burned upon me from the dewy grass.

A wolf-dog, from some distant rancho strayed,
Had made his bed beneath the pepper-tree;
A great, gray ghost, sore wounded, lone, afraid,
He growled deep-throated as he glared at me.

With kindly word I lured him from his bed
And proffered food and drink, and nearer drew,
But in his eyes I saw affection dead;
'T was hate and hunger only that he knew.

Poor brute, one brave and fearless as the best,
Faithful to some lost master's kindly hand,
I grieved that I had so disturbed his rest
As trembling in the sun I saw him stand

Fearful and yet assured that in my voice
A friend he knew. He quivered, turned and then,
As though he had made choice against his choice,
Betook him, limping, to the road again.

Slowly I followed coaxing, calling, till
The very act of fleeing lent him fear;
Swiftly he climbed the long, low western hill,
Gazed back an instant — turned to disappear —

And still I followed, sick at heart for him,
Sad for the strong, brave brute he once had been,

As in the morning sun my eyes grew dim
To see him crouched again amid the green,

Resting his battered head upon his paws;
Licking his wounds, then glancing wildly round;
Ah, pity that his fear was without cause!
. . . I turned and left him stretched upon the ground.

An outcast; but if human love for beast
Has any worth, I prayed that night would send
An easy death. Ah, could he know at least
How much, how much I would have been his friend.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

SIR BAT-EARS

Sir Bat-Ears was a dog of birth
And bred in Aberdeen,
But he favoured not his noble kin
And so his lot is mean,
And Sir Bat-Ears sits by the almshouse,
On the stones with grass between.

Under the ancient archway
His pleasure is to wait
Between the two stone pineapples
That flank the weathered gate;

And old, old alms-persons go by,
All rusty, bent and black,
"Good-day, good-day, Sir Bat-Ears,"
They say, and stroke his back.

And old, old alms-persons go by,
Shaking and well-nigh dead,
"Good-night, good-night, Sir Bat-Ears!"
They say, and pat his head.

So courted and considered
He sits out hour by hour,
Benignant in the sunshine
And prudent in the shower.

(Nay, stoutly can he stand a storm
And stiffly breast the rain,
That rising when the cloud is gone
He leaves a circle of dry stone
Whereon to sit again.)

A dozen little doorsteps
Under the arch are seen,
A dozen aged alms-persons
To keep them bright and clean:

Two wrinkled hands to scour each step
With a square of yellow stone —
But print-marks of Sir Bat-Ears' paws
Bespeckle every one.

And little eats an alms-person,
But, though his board be bare,
There never lacks a bone of the best
To be Sir Bat-Ears' share.

Mendicant muzzle and shrewd nose,
He quests from door to door;

Their grace they say — his shadow gray
Is instant on the floor,
Humblest of all the dogs there be,
A pensioner of the poor.

Mrs. Parry Eden

SIX FEET

My little rough dog and I
Live a life that is rather rare.
We have so many good walks to take
And so few hard things to bear;
So much that gladdens and re-creates,
So little of wear and tear.

Sometimes it blows and rains,
But still the six feet ply:
No care at all to the following four
If the leading two know why.
'T is a pleasure to have six feet, we think,
My little rough dog and I.

And we travel all one way;
'T is a thing we should never do,
To reckon the two without the four
Or the four without the two.
It would not be right if any one tried,
Because it would not be true.

And who shall look up and say
That it ought not so to be,
Tho' the earth is Heaven enough for him,
Is it less than that to me?
For a little rough dog can make a joy
That enters eternity!

Anonymous

WE MEET AT MORN

Still half in dream, upon the stair I hear
A patter coming nearer and more near,
And then upon my chamber door
A gentle tapping —
For dogs, though proud, are poor,
And if a tail will do to give command,
Why use a hand?
And after that a cry, half sneeze, half yapping,
And next a scuffle on the passage floor,
And then I know the creature lies to watch
Until the noiseless maid will lift the latch,
And like a spring
That gains its power by being tightly stayed,
The impatient thing
Into the room
Its whole glad heart doth fling.
And ere the gloom
Melts into light, and window blinds are rolled,
I hear a bounce upon the bed,
I feel a creeping toward me — a soft head,
And on my face
A tender nose, and cold —
This is the way, you know, that dogs embrace —
And on my hand, like sun-warmed rose-leaves
flung,
The least faint flicker of the warmest tongue
— And so my dog and I have met and sworn
Fresh love and fealty for another morn.

Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley

THE UNFAILING ONE

So, back again?
— And is your errand done,
Unfailing one?
How quick the gray world, at your morning look,
Turns wonder-book!
Come in — O guard and guest:
Come, O you breathless, from a lifelong quest!
Search here my heart; and if a comfort be,
Ah, comfort me.
You eloquent one, you best
Of all diviners, so to trace
The weather-gleams upon a face;
With wordless, querying paw,
Adventuring the law!
You shaggy Loveliness,
What call was it? — What dream beyond a guess,
Lured you, gray ages back,
From that lone bivouac
Of the wild pack? —
Was it your need or ours? The calling trail
Of faith that should not fail?
That you should follow our poor humanhood,
Only because you would!
To search and circle — follow and outstrip
Men and their fellowship;
And keep your heart no less,
Your to-and-fro of hope and wistfulness,
Through all world-weathers and against all odds!

Can you forgive us, now? —
Your fallen gods?

Josephine Preston Peabody

PETRONIUS

A dog there was, Petronius by name —
A cur of no degree, yet which the same
Rejoiced him; because so worthless he
That in his worthlessness remarkably
He shone, th' example de luxe of how a cur
May be the very limit of a slur
Upon the honored name of dog; a joke
He was, a satire blasphemous; he broke
The records all for sheer insulting "bunk";
No dog had ever breathed who was so punk!

And yet that cur, Petronius by name,
Enkindled in his master's heart a flame
Of love, affection, reverence so rare
That had he been an angel bright and fair
The homage paid him had been less; you see
The red-haired boy who owned him had a bee —
There was no other dog on land or sea.
Petronius was solid; he just was
The dog, the only dog on earth, because —
Because a red-haired boy who likes his dog —
He likes that dog so much no other dog
Exists — and that, my friends, is loyalty,
Than which there is no grander ecstasy.

Frederic P. Ladd

THE BEST DOG

Yes, I went to see the bow-wows, and I looked at every one,
Proud dogs of ev'ry breed and strain that's underneath the sun;

But not one could compare with — you may hear it with surprise —
A little dog I know that never took a prize.

Not that they would have skipped him when they gave the ribbons out,
Had there been a class to fit him — though his lineage is in doubt.
No judge of dogs could e'er resist the honest, faithful eyes
Of that plain little yellow dog that never took a prize.

Suppose he was n't trained to hunt, and never killed a rat,
And is n't much on tricks or looks or birth — well, what of that?
That might be said of lots of folks whom men call great and wise,
As well as of that yellow dog that never took a prize.

It is n't what a dog can do, or what a dog may be,
That hits a man; it's simply this — does he believe in me?
And by that test I know there 's not the compeer 'neath the skies
Of that plain little yellow dog that never took a prize.

Oh, he 's the finest little pup that ever wagged a tail,
And followed man with equal joy to Congress or to jail.
I 'm going to start a special show — 't will beat the world for size —
For faithful little yellow dogs, and each shall have a prize.

Anonymous

A GENTLEMAN

I own a dog who is a gentleman;
By birth most surely, since the creature can
Boast of a pedigree the like of which
Holds not a Howard nor a Metternich.

By breeding: Since the walks of life he trod
He never wagged an unkind tale abroad.
He never snubbed a nameless cur because
Without a friend or credit-card he was.

By pride: He looks you squarely in the face
Unshrinking and without a single trace
Of either diffidence or arrogant
Assertion such as upstarts often flaunt.

By tenderness: The littlest girl may tear
With absolute impunity his hair,
And pinch his silken flowing ears the while
He smiles upon her — yes, I 've seen him smile.

By loyalty: No truer friend than he
Has come to prove his friendship's worth to me.
He does not fear the master — knows no fear —
But loves the man who is his master here.

By countenance: If there be nobler eyes,
More full of honor and of honesties,
In finer head, on broader shoulders found —
Then have I never met the man or hound.
Here is the motto of my lifeboat's log:
" God grant I may be worthy of my dog!"

Anonymous

THE END OF THE SEASON

There 's a keen wind searching the marshes
With a tang of the open sea,
And a wind-blown sky of opal
For a sense of Infinity —
As a dog and I, together,
Sit close and curse the weather
And wait for the grey-goose feather
While a cramp strikes to the knee.

There 's a loneliness of Sahara
Except for his patient head,
And his wet nose lifted to windward
For a squadron fan-wise spread —
As we sigh that the summer 's over,
With our long tramps through the clover,
I and this old land rover,
Though scarce a word is said.

There 's a stealthy sea-fog stalking
Across the ghostly dune,
As we turn us empty-handed
With a half-forgotten tune —
Some day we 'll quit our roaming:
Together in the gloaming,
Twin shades that would be homing
Beneath a hunting moon.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez

THE MUSIC OF THE HOUNDS

O! hark how it swells on the clear morning air,
When the world is all white with the frost and the snow,
And away o'er the hills flies the fox or the hare,
While shoulder to shoulder the streaming dogs go,
All hot on the scent with their wrinkled necks bent
And their dewlaps a-swing and their ears sweeping low.

Now lost in the hollow, now loud on the hill;
Now sweeping like faint chime of bells through the pines;
Now veering and nearing and sending a thrill
To the heart of the hunter who watchful reclines,
With rifle held low and with elbow in snow,
By the broken stone wall with its tangle of vines.

A shot and a shout! but the quarry swings 'round.
Mark yon! like the wind it is climbing the slope,
And the hounds hot and baffled are nosing the ground,
And crying "lost scent" like a soul without hope.
But hear that wild strain! they have found it again,
And all in a bunch up the hillside they lope.

Away and away goes the music divine,
As clear as a bugle, as sweet as a flute.
It leaps in my blood like the madness of wine,
It rouses my soul with the rage of pursuit.

O hounds in full tongue! how the stale world grows
young
With the primitive passion that throbs in the
brute.

Then ho! for the field when December draws on
And twigs of the wildwood are silvered with frost.
Slip leash from old Bugler and Trailer and Don,
And loose that hot pack where the quarry has
crossed.
A blue winter sky with the hounds in full cry —
They've found the wild pipes that the shepherd-
god lost.

James Buckham

JOHN PEEL

OLD ENGLISH HUNTING SONG

Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
Do ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
Do ye ken John Peel, when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horse, in the morning?
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led —
Peel's "view-hallo!" would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair, in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True:
From a "find" to a "check,"
From a "check" to a "view,"
From a "view" to a "death," in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, etc.

Do ye ken John Peel, wi' his coat so gay?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
But now he 's gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his horn in the morning.
But the sound of his horn, etc.

Mark Andrews

MY DOG AND I

When living seems but little worth
And all things go awry,
I close the door, we journey forth —
My dog and I!

For books and pen we leave behind,
But little careth he;
His one great joy in life is just
To be with me.

He notes by just one upward glance
My mental attitude,
As on we go past laughing stream
And singing wood.

The soft winds have a magic touch
That brings to care release,
The trees are vocal with delight,
The rivers sing of peace.

How good it is to be alive!
Nature, the healer strong,
Has set each pulse with life athrill
And joy and song.

Discouragement! 'T was but a name,
And all things that annoy,
Out in the lovely world of June
Life seemeth only joy!

And ere we reach the busy town,
Like birds my troubles fly,
We are two comrades glad of heart —
My dog and I!

Alice J. Cleator

THE ROAD TO VAGABONDIA

He was sitting on a doorstep as I went strolling by;
A lonely little beggar with a wistful, homesick eye —
And he was n't what you 'd borrow
And he was n't what you 'd steal —
But I guessed his heart was breaking,
So I whistled him to heel.

They had stoned him through the city streets and naught the city cared,
But I was heading outward and the roads are sweeter shared,
So I took him for a comrade and I whistled him away —
On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the day.

Yellow dog he was; but, bless you — he was just the chap for me!
For I 'd rather have an inch of dog than miles of pedigree.

So we stole away together on the road that has no end
With a new-coined day to fling away and all the stars to spend!

Oh, to walk the road at morning, when the wind is blowing clean,
And the yellow daisies fling their gold across a world of green —
For the wind it heals the heartaches and the sun it dries the scars,
On the road to Vagabondia that lies beneath the stars.

'T was the wonder of the going cast a spell about our feet —
We walked because the world was young, because the way was sweet;
And we slept in wild-rose meadows by the little wayside farms,
Till the Dawn came up the highroad with the dead moon in her arms.

Oh, the Dawn it went before us through a shining lane of skies,
And the Dream was at our heartstrings and the light was in our eyes,
And we made no boast of glory and we made no boast of birth,
On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the earth.

Dana Burnet

THE VAGABONDS

We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. — Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman, — mind your eye!
Over the table, — look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and
weather,
And slept outdoors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved — together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This outdoors business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, Sir, — I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
Are n't we, Roger? — See him wink! —
Well, something hot then, — we won't quarrel.
He 's thirsty, too, — see him nod his head?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that 's said, —
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He 'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, Sir! — See him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there 's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But — no matter!

We 'll have some music, if you 're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little. — Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!
'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, — that 's five; he 's mighty knowing!
The night 's before us, fill the glasses! —
Quick, Sir! I 'm ill, — my brain is going! —
Some brandy, — thank you, — there! — it passes!

* * *

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were, —
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming. —
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street. —
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink: —
The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

J. T. Trowbridge

RAGGED ROVER

I have still a vision of him,
Ragged Rover, as he lay
In the sunshine of the morning
On the doorstone worn and gray;
Where the honeysuckle trellis
Hung its tinted blossoms low,
And the well-sweep with its bucket
Swung its burden to and fro;
Where the maples were a-quiver
In the pleasant June-time breeze;
And where droned among the phloxes
Half a hundred golden bees.

Yes, I have a vision with me
Of a home upon a hill;
And my heart is sad with longing
And my eyes with tear-drops fill.
I would be the care-free urchin
That I was so long ago
When across the sunlit meadows
Rover with me used to go
Yonder where the graceful lindens
Threw their shadows far and cool,
And the waters waited for me
In the brimming swimming-pool.

I can see him drive the cattle
From the pasture through the lane
With their mellow bells a-tinkle,
Sending out a low refrain;
I can see him drive them homeward,
Speckle, Brindle, Bess, and Belle;
All the herd from down the valley
As the shades of even fell.
Thus, I wander like a pilgrim —
Slow the steps that once were strong;
Back to greet him, Ragged Rover,
And my childhood's ceaseless song.

Leslie Clare Manchester

WATCH

THE OLD PROSPECTOR'S DOG

What 's that ye say? That yaller dog
Ain't killed with handsomeness, ye 'low?
Well, he ain't travellin' on his shape,
I tell ye that right here an' now.

Ye would n't have him follerin' *you*,
Ner be ketched dead with him beside?
Well, I don't want no better pard
When I tramp up the Great Divide.

The beauty club shied off, I guess,
An' hit him pretty middlin' light;
But looks don't fill no empty tanks —
An' plain old *stay's* what wins a fight.

An' that dog's got the stayin' powers
A long sight more 'n the most o' men;
He's just clean grit an' "stay there" mixed,
An' don't ask no odds how an' when.

See them big slashes on his sides,
All runnin' ever' which-a-way?
Well, if it was n't fer them scars
I'd not be top o' ground to-day.

'T was crossin' of the Plomas Range;
I'd made a right big strike, ye see,
An' ever' loafer in the camp
Was hangin' round an' watchin' me.

Thinks I: "You'd better pull your freight
Between two suns an' cache that dust,
Unless ye want some knife to let
Th' daylight in through your ol' crust."

Well, me an' Watch an' my ol' mule
Jest humped ourselves fer three hull days,
An' then, sez I: "We'll rest, ol' pard;
Nobody's follered us this ways."

So I just cooks a bit o' grub
An' lays right down an' goes to snorin',
An' never knows another thing
Untell I hear ol' Watch a-roarin'.

I jumped right up an' into Hell —
A pair o' Greasers chokin' me,
An' punchin' of me with a knife —
Another 'n fightin' Watch — an' he

Jest looks at me an' keeps a-chawin'
The rascal's throat, an' growlin' low,
As if to say: " Hold on, ol' pard —
I 'm comin' soon 's I git a show."

I fit an' scratched an' dodged that knife —
An' then my foot slipped on a stone
An' things looked dark — but next I knowed
Ol' Watch was playin' it alone.

He dropped his man an' tackled mine —
An' when my head got clear ag'in
I see a pile o' rags an' truck
Where them three Greaser thieves had bin.

An' that ol' dog was guardin' me,
An' lickin' of my hands an' face —
An' him jest red with drippin' blood —
There was n't nary yaller place

On his ol' hide frum head to foot.
I 'se 'most as bad — but I caught that mule
An' somehow histed me an' Watch
Up on 'er back — the night was cool —

An' we lit out — an' long near day
I hear 'way off a rooster crowin' —
An' jest what happened after that
I hain't no certain way o' knowin';

Fer next I knowed I hear a voice
That kep' a-tellin' me; "Be still —
Jest swaller this here mighty quick,
An' when ye 've et an' drunk yer fill

"I 'll let ye talk. Th' dog, ye say?
Oh! he 's all right — he saved yer skin;
Come howlin' here 'fore break o' day,
An' we lit out an' brung ye in —

"Him leadin' right to where you lay —
Down crost th' wash an' up th' hill —
Live? 'Course he 'll live. Now you hol' on —
This hain't your talk — you jes' keep still."

So I lays still — an' Watch does too —
Jest sort o' laid up fer repairs
Fer weeks an' weeks — till last we got
As hearty as a pair o' bears.

Then we lit out — a-headin' straight
Back to th' ol' home in Mizzoury —
An' me an' Watch 'll settle down
An' take our ease, I jest assure ye.

An' any feller that thinks our looks
Hain't up to par, ner apt to mash
Th' most o' folks, kin have his say —
But me an' Watch has got th' cash.

An' it 's cash that counts — clean cash an' grit;
An' Watch has got th' grit, I 'low,
An' me th' cash — an' we two 's pards —
But he 's th' best, I tell ye now.

An' when Life's fight is fit an' done,
An' we go 'crost th' Great Divide,
W'y Watch an' me has made it up
That we 'll be planted side by side.

Sharlot M. Hall

TOLD TO THE MISSIONARY

Just look 'ee here, Mr. Preacher, you 're a-goin' a bit too fur;
There is n't the man as is livin' as I 'd let say a word agen her.
She 's a rum-lookin' bitch, that I own to, and there is a fierce look in her eyes,
But if any cove says as she 's vicious, I sez in his teeth he lies.
Soh! Gently, old 'ooman; come here, now, and set by my side on the bed;
I wonder who 'll have yer, my beauty, when him as you 're all to 's dead.
There, stow yer palaver a minit; I knows as my end is nigh;
Is a cove to turn round on his dog, like, just 'cos he 's goin' to die?

Oh, of course, I was sartin you 'd say it. It 's allus the same with you.
Give it us straight, now, guv'nor — what would you have me do?

Think of my soul? I do, sir. Think of my Saviour? Right!
Don't be afeard of the bitch, sir; she 's not a-goin' to bite.
Tell me about my Saviour — tell me that tale agen,
How He prayed for the coves as killed Him, and died for the worst of men.
It 's a tale as I always liked, sir; and bound for the 'ternal shore,
I thinks it aloud to myself, sir, and I likes it more and more.

I've thumbed it out in the Bible, and I know it now by heart,
And it's put the steam in my boiler, and made me ready to start.
I ain't not afraid to die now; I've been a bit bad in my day,
But I know when I knock at them portals there's One as won't say me nay.
And it's thinkin' about that story, and all as He did for us,
As makes me so fond o' my dawg, sir; especially now I'm wus;
For a-savin' o' folks who'd kill us is a beautiful act, the which
I never heard tell on o' no one, 'cept o' Him and o' that there bitch.

'T was five years ago come Chrismus, maybe you remember the row,
There was scares about hydryphoby — same as there be just now;

And the bobbies came down on us costers — came
in a reg'lar wax,
And them as 'ud got no license was summerned to
pay the tax.
But I had a friend among 'em, and he come in a
friendly way,
And he sez, "You must settle your dawg, Bill, un-
less you've a mind to pay."
The missus was dyin' wi' fever — I'd made a mis-
take in my pitch,
I could n't afford to keep her, so I sez, "I'll drownd
the bitch."

I was n't a-goin' to lose her, I warn't such a brute,
you bet,
As to leave her to die by inches o' hunger, and cold,
and wet;
I never said now't to the missus — we both on us
liked her well —
But I takes her the follerin' Sunday down to the
Grand Canell.
I gets her tight by the collar — the Lord forgive
my sin!
And, kneelin' down on the towpath, I ducks the
poor beast in.
She gave just a sudden whine like, then a look
comes into her eyes
As 'll last forever in mine, sir, up to the day I dies.

And a chill come over my 'eart then, and thinkin'
I 'eard 'er moan,
I held 'er below the water, beating 'er skull with a
stone.

You can see the mark of it now, sir — that place
on the top of 'er 'ed —
And sudden she ceased to struggle, and I fancied as
she was dead.
I shall never know 'ow it happened, but goin' to
lose my hold,
My knees slipped over the towpath, and into the
stream I rolled;
Down like a log I went, sir, and my eyes were filled
with mud,
And the water was tinged above me with a mur-
dered creeter's blood.

I gave myself up for lost then, and I cursed in my
wild despair,
And sudden I rose to the surface, and a su'thin'
grabbed at my 'air,
Grabbed at my 'air and loosed it, and grabbed me
agen by the throat,
And she was a-holdin' my 'ed up, and somehow I
kep' afloat.
I can't tell yer 'ow she done it, for I never knowed
no more
Till somebody seized my collar, and give me a lug
ashore;
And my head was queer and dizzy, but I see as the
bitch was weak,
And she lay on her side a-pantin', waitin' for me to
speak.

What did I do with 'er, eh? You'd a-'ardly need
to ax,
But I sold my barrer a Monday, and paid the
bloomin' tax.

That's right, Mr. Preacher, pat her — you ain't not
afeard of her now! —
Dang this 'ere tellin' of stories — look at the muck
on my brow.

I'm weaker, an' weaker, an' weaker; I fancy the
end ain't fur,
But you know why 'ere on my deathbed I think o'
the Lord and 'er,
And He who, by men's hands tortured, uttered that
prayer divine,
'Ull pardon me linkin' Him like with a dawg as for-
gave like mine.
When the Lord in his mercy calls me to my last
eternal pitch,
I know as you 'll treat her kindly — promise to take
my bitch!

George R. Sims

MY FOX TERRIER

A little demon in defense,
Brave as a lion he;
I wish I had the courage
Of this atom on my knee.

A little universe of love,
Unselfish as the sea;
I wish I did by others
As he has done by me.

A little lump of loyalty
No power could turn from me;

I wish I had a heart as true,
From fear and favor free.

A little fountain full of faith,
Forgiveness, charity;
I wish I had his patience
And true nobility.

A little flash of fire and life,
Whate'er the summons be;
I wish that I could face the world
With half his energy.

A little white fox terrier,
In whose brown eyes I see
The windows of a faithful soul
Too large to live in me.

Anonymous

TO A LITTLE DEAF DOG

What do you think, dear little friend,
Of the silence that has come?
Why do you think — poor little friend —
The voices loved are dumb?

Does the simple creed of perfect love,
That held you firm all through,
Still fill your faithful little life
And make it right for you?

From your deep eyes the same old trust
Beams up into my own,
And from the joy that in them lies —
You do not feel alone.

But when with head upon my knee
You gaze so wistfully,
I hope, old man, you understand
The fault lies not in me.

I trust that you who know so much,
And yet so little too,
Through your sweet dog philosophy
Know that my love holds true.

Ethellyn Brewer DeFoe

TO MY SETTER, SCOUT

You are a tried and loyal friend;
The end
Of life will find you leal, unweary
Of tested bonds that naught can rend,
And e'en if years be sad and dreary
Our plighted friendship will extend.

A truer friend man never had;
'T is sad
That 'mongst all earthly friends the fewest
Unfaithful ones should thus be clad
In canine lowliness; yet truest
They, be their treatment good or bad.

Within your eyes methinks I find
A kind
And thoughtful look of speechless feeling
That mem'ry's loosened cords unbind,
And let the dreamy past come stealing
Through your dumb, reflective mind.

Scout, my trusty friend, can it be
You see
Again, in retrospective dreaming,
The run, the woodland, and the lea,
With past autumnal sunshine streaming
O'er ev'ry frost-dyed field and tree?

Or do you see now once again
The glen
And fern, the highland and the thistle?
And do you still remember when
We heard the bright-eyed woodcock whistle
Down by the rippling shrub-edged fen?

I see you turn a listening ear
To hear
The quail upon the flower-pied heather;
But, doggie, wait till uplands sere
And then the autumn's waning weather
Will bring the sport we hold so dear.

Then we will hunt the loamy swale
And trail
The snipe, their cunning wiles o'ercoming;
And oft will flush the bevied quail
And hear the partridge slowly drumming
Dull echoes in the leaf-strewn dale.

When wooded hills with crimson light
Are bright,
We 'll stroll where trees and vines are growing;
And see birds warp their southern flight
At sundown, when the Day King 's throwing
Sly kisses to the Queen of Night.

But when the leaves of life's fair dell
Have fell,
And death comes with the autumn's ev'n
And separates us, who can tell
But that, within the realm of heaven,
We both together there will dwell?

Frank H. Selden

AVE CÆSAR!

MAY 20, 1910

Full in the splendor of this morning's hour,
With tramp of men and roll of ruffled drums,
In what a pomp and pageantry of power,
Borne to his grave, our lord King Edward comes!

In flashing gold and high magnificence,
Lo, the proud cavalcade of comrade Kings,
Met here to do the dead King reverence,
Its solemn tribute of affection brings.

Heralds and Pursuivants and Men-at-Arms,
Sultan and Paladin and Potentate,
Scarred Captains who have baffled war's alarms
And Courtiers glittering in their robes of state.

All in their blazoned ranks with eyes cast down,
Slow pacing in their sorrow pass along,
Where that which bore the scepter and the crown
Cleaves at their head the silence of the throng.

And in a space behind the passing bier,
Looking and longing for his lord in vain,

A little playmate whom the King held dear,
Cæsar, the terrier, tugs his silver chain.

* * *

Hail, Cæsar! lonely little Cæsar, hail!
Little for you the gathered Kings avail.
Little you reck as meekly past you go,
Of that solemnity of formal woe.
In the strange silence, lo, you prick your ear
For one loved voice, and that you shall not hear.
So when the monarchs, with their bright array
Of gold and steel and stars, have passed away,
When, to their wonted use restored again,
All things go duly in their ordered train,
You shall appeal at each excluding door,
Search through the rooms and every haunt explore;
From lawn to lawn, from path to path pursue
The well-loved form that still escapes your view.
At every tree some happy memories rise
To stir your tail and animate your eyes,
And at each turn, with gathering strength endued,
Hope, still frustrated must be still renewed.
How should you rest from your appointed task
Till chance restore the happiness you ask,
Take from your heart the burden, ease your pain,
And grant you to your master's side again,
Proud and constant if but you could beguile
His voice to flatter and his face to smile?

Cæsar, the kindly days may bring relief;
Swiftly they pass and dull the edge of grief.
You, too, resigned at last may school your mind
To miss the comrade whom you cannot find,

Never forgetting but as one who feels
The world has secrets which no skill reveals.
Henceforth, whate'er the ruthless fates may give,
You shall be loved and cherished while you live.
Reft of your master, little dog forlorn,
To one dear mistress you shall now be sworn,
And in her queenly service you shall dwell
At rest with one who loved your master well.
And she, that gentle lady, shall control
The faithful Kingdom of a true dog's soul,
And for the past's dear sake shall still defend
Cæsar, the dead King's humble little friend.

R.C. Lehmann

JUST PLAIN YELLOW

He's just plain yellow: no "blue-ribbon" breed.
In disposition — well, a trifle gruff.
Outside he's "tried and true." His coat is rough.
To bark at night and sleep by day, his creed.
Yet, when his soft brown eyes so dumbly plead
For one caress from my too-busy hand,
I wonder from what far and unknown land
Came the true soul, which in his gaze I read.
Whence all his loyalty and faithful zeal?
Why does he share my joyous mood and gay?
Why mourn with me when I perchance do mourn?
When hunger-pressed, why scorn a bounteous meal
That by my side he may pursue his way?
Whence came his noble soul, and where its bourne?

Anna Hadley Middlemas

CHARITY'S EYE

One evening Jesus lingered in the market-place
Teaching the people parables of truth and grace,
When in the square remote a crowd was seen to rise,
And stop with loathing gestures and abhorring cries.
The Master and his meek disciples went to see
What cause for this commotion and disgust could be,
And found a poor dead dog beside the gutter laid —
Revolting sight! at which each face its hate betrayed.

One held his nose, one shut his eyes, one turned away,
And all among themselves began to say:
"Detested creature! he pollutes the earth and air!"
"His eyes are blear!" "His ears are foul!" "His ribs are bare!"
"In his torn hide there's not a decent shoe-string left,
No doubt the execrable cur was hung for theft."
Then Jesus spake, and dropped on him the saving wreath:
"Even pearls are dark before the whiteness of his teeth."

The pelting crowd grew silent and ashamed, like one
Rebuked by sight of wisdom higher than his own;
And one exclaimed: "No creature so accursed can be
But some good thing in him a loving eye will see."

William Rounseville Alger

OLD DOG TRAY

The morn of life is past,
And ev'ning comes at last;
  It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
  Sporting with my old dog Tray.
    Old dog Tray's ever faithful;
      Grief cannot drive him away;
    He's gentle, he is kind,
    I'll never, never find
      A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own
Have vanish'd one by one,
  The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all
      pass'd away;
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
  I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
    Old dog Tray, etc.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
  I know that he feels what my breaking
      heart would say;
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
  A better friend than old dog Tray.
    Old dog Tray, etc.

Stephen Collins Foster

THE OLD SHEEP WAGON

I have heard men long for a palace but I want no such abode,
For wealth is a source of trouble and a jeweled crown is a load;
I'll take my home in the open, with a mixture of sun and rain —
Just give me my old sheep wagon on the boundless Wyoming plain.

With the calling sheep around me and my collie's head on my knees,
I float my cigarette smoke on the sage-scented prairie breeze;
And at night, when the band is bedded, I creep like a tired child,
To my tarp in the friendly wagon, alone on the sheep range wild.

Music and art I am missing? — but what great symphony
Can equal the harps of nature that are twanged by the plains-wind free?
And where is the master of color to match, though for years he tried,
The purples that veil yon mésa, at the hour of even-tide?

I have had my fill of mankind, and my dog is my only friend,
So I'm waiting, here in the sagebrush, for the judgment the Lord may send;

They'll find me dead in my wagon, out here on the
hill-tops brown,
But I reckon I'll die as easy as I would in a bed in
town!

Arthur Chapman

LUATH

(FROM "THE TWA DOGS")

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his tousie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Robert Burns

CHANCE

Sixty miles from a homestead, straight as the crow
can fly,
We camped in the Deadwood foothills. Mineral?
Yes — and gold.
Three of us in the outfit; the burro and Chance
and I;
Chance was n't more than a pup then, goin' on
two year old.

Already he knew the music that a desert rattler
makes
When, glimmerin' under a yucca, he'd seen 'em
coil to spring;

But he did n't need no teachin' to keep him away
from snakes;
You should seen his tail go under when he heard
a rattler sing!

Town-folks called him the "Killer," and I reckon
that they was right;
Deep in the chest, wolf-muscled, and quicker
than fire in tow;
But one of the kind that never went out of his way
to fight,
Though he 'd tackle a corral of wild-cats if I gave
him the word to go.

There was more to him than his fightin' — he was
wise; it was right good fun
To see him usin' his head-piece when the sun
was a-fryin' eggs,
Trailin' along with the outfit and cheatin' the desert
sun
By keepin' into the shadow right clost to my
burro's legs.

I knew that some day I'd lose him, for the desert
she don't wait long; —
Hosses and dogs and humans, none of 'em get
too old;
Gold? Looks good in a story and sounds right good
in a song,
But the men that go out and get it — they know
what they pay for gold!

If I struck a ledge that showed me a million, — the whole thing mine, —
I'd turn it over to-morrow (and never so much as glance
At the papers the law-sharks frame up and hand you a pen to sign)
For a look at my old side-pardner, the "Killer," that I called Chance.

Why? Well, my eyes, one mornin', was blinkin' to shake a dream,
And Chance was sleepin' beside me, breathin' it long and deep,
When I saw a awful somethin' and I felt I was like to scream . . .
There was a big, brown rattler coiled in my arm, asleep.

Move . . . and I knew he'd get me. Waitin', I held my breath,
Feelin' the sun get warmer, wonderin' what to do,
Tryin' to keep my eyes off that shinin' and sudden death,
When Chance he lifted his head up and slow come the rattler's, too.

"Take him!" I tried to whisper. Mebby I did. I know
Chance's neck was a-bristle and his eyes on the coiled-up snake;

Its head was a-movin' gentle — like weeds when
the south winds blow —
When Chance jumped in . . . the "Killer." . . .
Do that for a pardner's sake?

I'd like to think that *I'd* do it! . . . Up there in the
far-off blue
Old Marster He sits a-jedgin' such things. Can
you tell me why,
Knowin' what he had comin', he went at it fightin'-
true;
Tore that snake into ribbons, then crawled to the
brush to die?

Never come near me after; knew that he'd got his
call.
Howcome I went and shot him. God! I can see
his eyes!
See where those pointed shadows run down that
cañon wall?
That there's his tombstone, stranger, bigger than
money buys.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

BESS

The collie girl had the sense bred out of her,
But she had head and nose and points enough
To make her a queen, a fine queen with a ruff
Of satin and gold, you'd say, instead of fur.

She did n't deserve, no doubt, the hate she got —
She was so shy she'd keep for whole days hid.

Folks wanted a dog to do better than she did,
And thought it stubborn — ungrateful like as not.

Dede Graf, the new man, set himself to feed
And win her, and thought he'd keep her in the shed;
"Somebody's skeert her," he'd say, and wag his head.
He'd no more luck than others had, had Dede,

Until the poor, lonesome, howling girl got big,
And no doubt dreamful of her pups to come.
One night she crept up shivering and dumb
And he saw her crouching underneath the rig.

Lord — when he'd touched her once she was like a child!
She'd cry and laugh together for the fun
Of feeling his hand on her, and then she'd run
Like a curled streak of gold that made him wild.

Before the pups came he had her at his call,
And other folk grew soft to her a bit.
She was a beauty, that was all of it,
And Dede was envied while the dogs were small.

She weaned them and two died and the rest were given;
And Bess got offish as she was before.
Dede lured and wheedled and shook his fist and swore —
His talk was somewhat strong when he was driven.

It went on that way for three years about.
She'd come to him and be a little saint,
Having her young; and then the crazy taint
Would get her when the young ones were turned out.

Dede was a Job for patience, and no less,
When she'd go shy again. He'd curse her leather,
Then at the sight of her like a tawny feather
Off in the field, he'd whine, "Hyuh Bess! Come Bess!"

He must have got to know her.... When she died —
The fellow was five feet ten and like an ox;
Fearful to see too; pitted by smallpox —
Well, he broke up for days that time and cried.

Orrick Johns

SHEEP-HERDING

A gray, slow-moving, dust-bepowdered wave,
That on the edges breaks to scattering spray,
Round which the faithful collies wheel and bark
To scurry in the laggard feet that stray:
A babel of complaining tongues that make
The dull air weary with their ceaseless fret;
Brown hills akin to those of Galilee
On which the shepherds tend their charges yet.

The long, hot days; the stark, wind-beaten nights,
No human presence, human sight or sound;
Grim, silent land of wasted hopes, where they
Who came for gold oft-times have madness found;

A bleating horror that fore-gathers speech;
Freezing the word that from the lip would pass;
And sends the herdsman grovelling with his sheep,
Face down and beast-like on the trampled grass.

* * *

The collies halt; the slow herd sways and reels,
Huddled in fright above a low ravine,
Where wild with thirst a herd unshepherded
Beats up and down — with something dark between:
A narrow circle that they will not cross —
A thing to stop the maddest in their run —
A guarding dog too weak to lift his head,
Who licks a still hand shrivelled in the sun.

Sharlot M. Hall

TRAY

. . . . . "A beggar-child
Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!
Help! you standers-by!' None stirred.

"Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. 'How well he dives!

"'Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet — twelve, I bet!
Good dog! What! off again? There's yet
Another child to save? All right!

"'How strange we saw no other fall!
It's instinct in the animal.
Good dog! But he's a long while under:
If he got drowned I should not wonder —
Strong current, that against the wall!

"'Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
— What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished — the child's doll from the slime!'

"And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off, — old Tray, —
Till somebody, prerogatived
With reason, reasoned: 'Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

"'John, go and catch — or, if needs be,
Purchase that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteen pence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!'"

Robert Browning

ABANDONMENT

My dear, when I leave you
I always drop a bit of me —
A holy glove or sainted shoe —
Your wistful corse I leave it to:
For all your soul has gone to see
How I could have the stony heart
So to abandon you.

My dear, when you leave me
You drop no glove, no sainted shoe —
And yet you know that humans be
Mere blocks of dull monstrosity,
Whose spirits cannot follow you,
When you're away, with all their hearts
As yours can follow me.

My dear, since we must leave
(One sorry day) I you, you me;
I'll learn your wistful way to grieve;
Then through the ages we'll retrieve
Each other's scent and company;
And longing shall not pull my heart —
As now you pull my sleeve!

John Galsworthy

ROYALTY

Two tall dogs on the road to Georgetown
And the wide sky, grey and steep;
Two tall dogs on the road to Georgetown
With gold coats fit to reap

For a lady's collar or a queen's best muff,
Or the bed of a new-born child —
And the bitterest traveller up from Georgetown
Stopped in the way and smiled.

Orrick Johns

TO FLUSH

Loving friend, the gift of one
Who her own true faith has run
Through thy lower nature,

Be my benediction said
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature!

Like a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown
Either side demurely
Of thy silver-suited breast,
Shining out from all the rest
Of thy body purely.

* * *

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light —
Leap! thy slender feet are bright —
Canopied in fringes;
Leap! those tasselled ears of thine
Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is 't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness;
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears
And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said:
"This dog watched beside a bed,
Day and night unweary,
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom,
Round the sick and dreary."

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
  Beam and breeze resigning;
This dog only waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
  Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares, and followed through
  Sunny moor or meadow:
This dog only crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
  Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
  Up the woodside hieing:
This dog only watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech
  Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
  Or a sigh came double,
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
  In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale, thin hand would glide
  Down his dewlaps sloping, —

Which he pushed his nose within,
After platforming his chin
On the palm left open.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blither choice
Than such chamber-keeping,
"Come out!" praying from the door,
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favor:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
Therefore and forever.

And because he loves me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often man or woman,
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,
Leaning from my human.

* * *

Mock I thee, in wishing weal?
Tears are in my eyes to feel
Thou art made so straitly:
Blessings need must straiten too, —
Little canst thou joy or do
Thou who lovest greatly.

Yet be blesséd to the height
Of all good and all delight
Pervious to thy nature;
Only *loved* beyond that line,
With a love that answers thine,
Loving fellow-creature!
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

TO RUFUS — A SPANIEL

Rufus, a bright New Year! A savoury stew,
Bones, broth and biscuits, is prepared for you.
See how it steams in your enamelled dish,
Mixed in each part according to your wish.
Hide in your straw the bones you cannot crunch—
They 'll come in handy for to-morrow's lunch;
Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,
Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat
(A dog, I judge, would deem himself disgraced
Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed);
Then nuzzle round and make your final sweep,
And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.
High in our hall we 've piled the fire with logs
For you, the *doyen* of our corps of dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands is done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,
There shall you come, and on your long-haired mat,
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's day.

Rufus! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.

They judge you stupid, for you show no bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their biscuits earn.
Men mostly find you, if they change their seat,
Couchant, obnoxious to their blundering feet;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be;
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside when all the world is out.
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and good-will;
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with jeers
The ringlets clustered on your spreading ears;
See without sympathy your sore distress
When Ray obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a chair.
They say your legs are bandy — so they are:
Nature so formed them that they might go far;
They cannot brook your music; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail —
In short, in one anathema confound
Shape, mind, and heart and all, my little hound.
Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,
Beyond the customary lot of man
Staunchness was yours; if of your faithful heart
Malice and scorn could never claim a part;
If in your master, loving while you love,
You own no fault or own it to forgive;
If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sympathy;

If faith and friendship, growing with your age,
Speak through your eyes and all his love engage;
If by that master's wish your life you rule —
If this be folly, Rufus, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you; Rufus, have no fear;
While life is yours and mine your place is here.
And when the day shall come, as come it must,
When Rufus goes to mingle with the dust
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),
I think old Charon, punting through the dark,
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark;
And on the shore he'll mark without a frown
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
He'll take you in: since watermen are kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol, but install you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.
There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb —
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

R. C. Lehmann

THE BLOODHOUND

Come, Herod, my hound, from the stranger's floor!
Old friend, — we must wander this world once more!
For no one now liveth to welcome us back:
So, come! let us speed on our fated track.

What matter the region, — what matter the weather,
So you and I travel, till death, together?
And in death? — why, e'en there I may still be found
By the side of my beautiful black bloodhound.

We've traversed the desert, we've traversed the sea,
And we've trod on the heights where the eagles be;
Seen Tartar, and Arab, and swart Hindoo;
(How thou pulledst down the deer in those skies of blue!)
No joy did divide us; no peril could part
The man from his friend of the noble heart;
Aye, his *friend:* for where, where shall there ever be found
A friend like his resolute, fond bloodhound?

What, Herod, old hound! dost remember the day
When I routed the wolves, like a stag at bay?
When downward they galloped to where we stood,
Whilst I staggered with fear in the dark pine wood?
Dost remember their howlings? their horrible speed?
God, God, how I prayed for a friend in need!
And — he came! Ah, 't was then, my dear Herod, I found
That the best of all friends was my bold bloodhound.

Men tell us, dear friend, that the noble hound
Must forever be lost in the worthless ground:

Yet "Courage" — "Fidelity" — "Love" (they say)
Bear *man*, as on wings, to his skies away.
Well, Herod, go tell them whatever may be
I'll hope I may ever be found by thee.
If in sleep, — in sleep; if in skies around,
Mayst thou follow e'en thither, my dear blood-
hound!

Bryan Waller Procter
(*Barry Cornwall*)

TO TIM — AN IRISH TERRIER

O jewel of my heart, I sing your praise,
Though you who are, alas! of middle age
Have never been to school, and cannot read
The weary printed page.

I sing your eyes, two pools in shadowed streams,
Where your soul shines in depths of sunny brown,
Alertly raised to read my every mood
Or thoughtfully cast down.

I sing the little nose, so glossy wet,
The well-trained sentry to your eager mind,
So swift to catch the delicate, glad scent
Of rabbits on the wind.

Ah, fair to me your wheaten-coloured coat,
And fair the darker velvet of your ear,
Ragged and scarred with old hostilities
That never taught you fear.

But O! your heart, where my unworthiness
Is made perfection by love's alchemy;

How often does your doghood's faith cry shame
To my inconstancy.

At last I know the hunter Death will come
And whistle low the call you must obey.
So you will leave me, comrade of my heart,
To take a lonely way.

Some tell me, Tim, we shall not meet again,
But for their loveless logic need we care? —
If I should win to Heav'n's gate I know
You will be waiting there.

Winifred M. Letts

HIS CODE OF HONOR

His scanty raiment stained and rent,
His courage and his strength forespent,
He knocks at his familiar door,
Fast-shut, as ne'er it was before.
He hears no noise of hurrying feet,
No friendly hands reach forth to greet
The wanderer, whom none may know, —
Mayhap a crafty, cruel foe.
In distant islands he had roved,
And now unto the home he loved,
He comes a stranger to his own,
Unwelcomed, aye, because unknown.

Now nearer to his door he stands,
And patient waits with folded hands,
When hark! a deep-mouthed welcome sounds,
And lo! with joyous cries and bounds

A friend folds him in close embrace,
And wistfully looks in his face: —
Wise Argus who afar descries
His master, and exultant flies
To meet him, while wide fling the doors
Through which the eager household pours —
Too dull to guess that Argus sees
In this poor wanderer Ulysses.

Tell us, O sage philosopher,
What is this lofty character?
This thought and memory none dispute
In creature we declare a brute;
The loyalty, sincere and sure,
The love that all things doth endure,
This subtle sense, that wondrous thing
So near akin to reasoning —
Too high, too deep, too broad for name
Of Instinct which it puts to shame?

Once win a dog's love, his life long
He is your friend, a hero strong,
Which sacrifice and valiant deed
Shall prove in many a time of need.
Not years of absence, chance, and change,
The heart of Argus could estrange;
His was the code of honor held
By hero dogs in days of eld,
And Rab and Rover in this day,
The same code loyally obey.

Zitella Cocke

THE POWER OF THE DOG

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie —
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find — it's your own affair —
But . . . you've given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will,
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!);
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone — wherever it goes — for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.

Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-time loan is as bad as a long —
So why in — Heaven (before we are there)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?

Rudyard Kipling

VIGI

Wisest of dogs was Vigi, a tawny-coated hound
That King Olaf, warring over green hills of Ireland, found;
His merry Norse were driving away a mighty herd
For feasts upon the dragon-ships, when an isleman dared a word:

"From all those stolen hundreds, well might ye spare my score."
"Aye, take them," quoth the gamesome king, "but not a heifer more.
Choose out thine own, nor hinder us; yet choose without a slip."
The isleman laughed and whistled, his finger at his lip.

Oh, swift the bright-eyed Vigi went darting through the herd
And singled out his master's neat with a nose that never erred,

And drave the star-marked twenty forth, to the
wonder of the king,
Who bought the hound right honestly, at the price
of a broad gold ring.

If the herd-dog dreamed of an Irish voice and of
cattle on the hill,
He told it not to Olaf the King, whose will was
Vigi's will,
But followed him far in faithful love and bravely
helped him win
His famous fight with Thorir Hart and Raud, the
wizard Finn.

Above the clamor and the clang shrill sounded
Vigi's bark
And when the groaning ship of Raud drew seaward
to the dark,
And Thorir Hart leapt to the land, bidding his
rowers live
Who could, Olaf and Vigi strained hard on the
fugitive.

'T was Vigi caught the runner's heel and stayed the
wind-swift flight
Till Olaf's well-hurled spear had changed the day
to endless night
For Thorir Hart, but not before his sword had stung
the hound,
Whom the heroes bore on shield to ship, all grieving
for his wound.

Now proud of heart was Vigi to be borne to ship on shield,
And many a day thereafter, when the bitter thrust was healed,
Would the dog leap up on the Vikings and coax with his Irish wit
Till 'mid laughter a shield was leveled, and Vigi rode on it.

Katharine Lee Bates

"FRENCHIE"

I found him in a shell-hole,
With a gash across his head,
Standing guard beside his master,
Though he knew the boy was dead.

Hell was raining all around us,
We could only lie there tight,
Got to sort o' like each other
Through the misery of that night.

When I crawled back to the trenches,
— And I took his master, too, —
Frenchie followed. Guess he figured,
Just because of that, I'd do.

You would n't say he's handsome,
He's been hit a dozen times —
But when we boys "go over,"
Over *with* us Frenchie climbs.

He has fleas, and I have "cooties."
He speaks French; I "no compree."

So the rule of fifty-fifty
Goes between my dog and me.

And when for home I 'm starting,
If I live to see this through,
Just one thing is sure as shooting;
That my dog is going, too.
Sgt. Frank C. McCarthy, A.E.F.

THE WAR DOG

He was only a dog, but he went to war
On the shell-ploughed fields of France,
And loyally labored with tooth and paw
To baffle the clutch of an iron claw,
In the swoop of the Hun's advance.

Without an equipment he joined our fight;
Without a commission or rank,
For a cur he was, with a social blight,
Yet we gave him a uniform of white,
With a crimson cross on his flank.

And he wore his cross with a lordly pride,
As he raced through a sea of mud,
Till the white of his uniform was dyed
With the trickling ooze of a crimson tide,
And his cross was a smear of blood.

His post was a line where the wounded piled
And his chief was a surgeon's son,
A man among men, with the heart of a child,
A Master of mercy who worked and smiled
And who smiled when his work was done.

And so they toiled for their country's weal,
  Unhonored, unarmed, unsung!
A bandage, a sponge, and a spot to kneel,
In a torturing tempest of splintered steel,
  On a short hour's sleep — and a bone.

Where the man had a mission to ease the pain
  Of his brothers who fell and bled,
There a dog went out on a gas-soaked plain,
To snuffle and sniff through the mounds of slain
  For the living among the dead;

And many a mother, who knelt and prayed
  At the Cross for her battling son,
May ever thank God that his death was stayed
By the grit of a dog that was unafraid,
  In the cause of a cross that won.

It won through the rush of a trampling host,
  Over shattered and heaving ground,
Where a dust cloud hung like a devil's ghost,
And the black guns thundered from coast to coast
  Till the whole world shook with the sound;

Where the hot shells screamed and the shrapnel
      sang
  To the basso boom of the guns,
Where the bayonets clashed, and the rifles rang
With a resonant, roaring, crashing clang,
  In the path of the blood-mad Huns.

Their whistles shrilled, and the gray hordes burst
  Through a sulphurous pall of smoke,

To falter and reel, like a man athirst,
Yet onward in waves of a sea accursed,
And our thin lines wavered and broke.

Back, back we were bent, till a counter-blow
Was launched in a turbulent tide,
And khaki columns were locked with the foe,
In a dizzily-tumbling whirlpool flow,
Where the billows of fury ride.

Where the Eagle clawed at a Vulture's crest
And tore with his beak at a crown,
There a surgeon lay, with a white hand prest
To a wound in his undefended breast,
Where a Prussian had struck him down.

Yet the war dog stood by his fallen mate,
Then straight for a throat he leaped,
And another note in the hymn of hate
Was ripped from its scroll by the fangs of Fate,
In a harvest of horror reaped.

And a dog had reaped, in the princely pride
Of a trust that should live unmarred,
Though the bullets scorched through his quivering hide,
Till he sank to earth at his master's side,
Unconquered — and still on guard!

He crouched by his own like a brother's twin,
And with blood on his bristling fur,
"By God!" screamed a boy, in the battle's din,
"I'm going out yonder and bring him in!"
And he went through hell — for a cur.

But the cur recoiled from the pitying hand
That was stretched for his own relief,
And snarled at the boy, in a hoarse command
That even a human could understand,
So he stooped for the helpless chief.

He lifted him up on his strong young back,
And the dog saluted in joy,
With a bark as clear as a rifle's crack,
Then he dragged himself on the shot-swept track
Of the staggering, reeling boy.

And our line went mad, to its roaring rear,
In the homage of souls astir,
For those who had laughed in the face of fear, —
While the trenches rocked with a triple cheer
For a man! For a boy! *And a cur!*

. . . . . .

Did the chief pass out? Did the war dog die,
And his mission of mercy fail?
He answered himself and gave us the lie,
With a gleam in one swollen, blood-shot eye
And a wag of his bleeding tail.

Through battered Belgium and shell-riven France,
Where the banners of Britain wave,
He lolled in a nebulous morphia trance,
As he rode in a Red Cross ambulance,
And cheated a warrior's grave.

At the hospital base his cheating was worse,
If the theft of our hearts be sin,

For he sponged on a Major-General's purse,
And licked the tears from the cheek of his nurse,
As she tenderly tucked him in.

So they gave him another cross to wear,
Though they wanted to give him ten;
But he kept just two — which was just and fair —
The cross on his flank, and a *Croix de Guerre*,
For the envy of lesser men.

Yet, he only asks, with a pleading paw,
When this madness of Might shall cease,
To hold in your bosoms one human law —
Remember our dogs in the days of War,
And our dogs in the days of Peace.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

GOOD DOGS

Away with the academic muse! I have no business with that old prude. I invoke the familiar muse, the citizen, the boon companion, to aid me to sing the good dog, the poor dog, the dirty dog, those whom every one drives away, pestiferous and lousy, except the poor whose associates they are, and the poet, who sees them with fraternal eye.

Fie upon the foppish dog, upon the coxcomb quadruped, Dane, King Charles, pug dog or lap dog, so enamoured of himself that he darts inconsiderately between the legs or on the knees of a visitor as if he were certain of pleasing, wild as a youngster, foolish as a flirt, often surly and insolent as a servant! Fie especially upon those four-pawed serpents, idle and shivering, that are called greyhounds and that do not harbor in their pointed muzzle enough scent to follow the track of a friend, nor in their flattened head enough intelligence to play at dominoes!

To the kennel with all these plaguey parasites!

Let them slink to the kennel stuffed and sulky! I sing the dirty dog, the poor dog, the homeless dog, the stroller dog, the dog buffoon, the dog whose instinct, like that of the poor, the gypsy and the mountebank is marvellously sharpened by necessity, that excellent mother, that true patron of intelligence!

BAUDELAIRE

THE DOG-STAR PUP

On the silver edge of a vacant star near the trembling Pleiades,
A Hobo, lately arrived from earth sat rubbing his rusty chin,
All unaware as he waited there with his elbows on his knees,
That an angel stood at the Golden Gate impatient to let him in.

The Hobo, peering across the space on a million worlds below,
Started up as he heard a voice: "Mortal, why wait ye there?"
He scratched his head as he turned and said, "I reckon I got to go —
And mebby the goin' is just as good in Heaven, as anywhere."

A little while and the Hobo stood at the thrice-barred Golden Gate:
"Enter!" the stately angel cried. "You came to a worthy end,
Though the sad arrears of your wasted years have occasioned a brisk debate,
You gave your life in a noble cause — you perished to save a friend."

"Only me dog," and the Hobo smiled, but the startled angel frowned
At that rack of rags that was standing there adorning the right-of-way:

" Him and me, we was pardners, see! down there
where the world goes round,
And I was waitin' for him to come — but mebby
he stopped to play."

" You are late," said the angel, " one year late!"
The Hobo turned his head,
" Then who was holdin' the watch on me when I
saved me pal, was you?
Just figure it out — if me dog cashed in a-savin'
me life, instead,
Now would n't he wait for his missin' mate till
he seen I was comin' too?"

Sadly the angel shook his head and lifted the portal
bar:
" One minute more and the Scribe will strike
your name from the Roll Sublime."
When up from below came a yellow dog a-hopping
from star to star,
And wagging his tail as he sniffed the trail that
his master had had to climb.

Then something slipped in the scheme of things: a
comet came frisking by,
A kind of a loco Dog-Star pup just out for a little
chase;
The yellow pup got his dander up and started across
the sky,
As the flickering comet tucked its tail — and
never was such a race!

Round the heavens and back again flew comet and dog unchecked:
The Great Bear growled and the Sun Dogs barked; astronomers had begun
To rub their eyes in a wild surmise that their records were incorrect,
When the puppy, crossing his master's track, stopped short — and the race was done.

Singed and sorry and out of breath he mounted the starry trail,
And trotted to where his master stood by the gate to the Promised Land:
"'T was a flamin' run that you gave him, son, and you made him tuck his tail,"
And the Hobo patted the puppy's head with a soiled but forgiving hand.

When, slowly the Gates dissolved in air and the twain were left alone,
On a road that wound through fields and flowers past many a shady tree;
" Now this is like we 'd a-made it, tyke, an' I reckon it 's all our own,
And nothin' to do but go," he said, " which is Heaven for you and me."

Heaven — save that the Hobo felt a kind of uneasy pride
As he pushed his halo a bit aslant and gazed at his garments strange,

But the pup knew naught of these changes wrought since crossing the Great Divide,
For the heart of a dog — and he love a man — may never forget or change.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

MY BULL TERRIER

Bull Terrier? Sure she's a white 'un — there ain't no other breed.
Frolic 'round you in the sunshine, murder in time o' need.
Soul? O' course, she ain't got none. A dog with a soul, gee whiz!
We folks, so the preachers tell us, has all the souls that there is.
The thief has a soul, and the pander; the wife-beater, he has a soul;
But Frost! O' course not, she ain't on the lordly roll.
A dog when it dies, so they tell us, well — that dog is just plain dead,
But we lofty human beings have eternity ahead.
And this Frost she ain't fit, like us folks, for to enter into that same,
For she only minds her own business and raises her pups to be game.

The world has millions o' humans a-whinin' to thousands o' gods,
While this Frost asks nothin' from no one, whatever the bloomin' odds.

She never goes back on a pal, and there's nothin' can make her quit,
Not if you chopped her to pieces and burned her bit by bit.
But, o' course, when she dies she's a dead one, I have to go it alone,
And I ain't so keen on facin' the shadowy trail on my own.
Still, if ever I fluke into heaven, I'll bet I hain't long to wait
Till that blame little Frost comes smashing right through the pearly gate.
St. Peter could never stop her, not if she gets a start,
And if ever he looks in them eyes, I doubt if he'd have the heart.

This Frost, the preachers tell us, has no soul, and maybe it's true,
Though I knows the white on her jacket runs plumb clear all the way through —
Which is more 'n I'd say of some humans possessed of immortal souls;
Well, loyalty maybe is foolish: it surely don't fatten no rolls.
Frost, I guess, is a fool, and don't know her way about,
For she'll stick, while your friends forget you as soon as you're down and out.
So, according to what they tell us, I'll have to say good-bye
To the game little pal of a white 'un
When it comes my time to die.

That's right, I suppose, but if ever she thinks that
I need her, — well,
That Frost'll knock down the devil and swim
through the flames of hell.

Wex Jones

RHAPSODY ON A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE

Dear dog that seems to stand and gravely brood
Upon the broad veranda of our home,
With soulful eyes that gaze into the gloam, —
With speaking tail that registers thy mood, —
Men say thou hast no ratiocination —
Methinks there is a clever imitation.

Men say again thy kindred have no souls,
And sin is but an attribute of men;
Say, is it chance alone that bids thee, then,
Choose only garden spots for digging holes?
Why dost thou filch some fragment of the cooking
At times when no one seemeth to be looking?

Was there an elder Adam of thy race,
And brindled Eve, the mother of thy house,
Who shared some purloined chicken with her
spouse,
Thus causing all thy tribe to fall from grace?
If fleas dwelt in the garden of that Adam,
Perhaps thy sinless parents never had 'em.

This morn thou cam'st a-slinking through the door,
Avoiding eyes, and some dark corner sought,
And though no accusation filled our thought,
Thy tail, apologetic, thumped the floor.

Who claims thou hast no conscience, argues vainly,
For I have seen its symptoms very plainly.

What leads thee to forsake thy board and bed
On days that are devoted to thy bath?
For if it is not reason, yet it hath
Appearance of desire to plan ahead!
The sage who claims thy brain and soul be wizen
Would do quite well to swap thy head for his'n.

Burges Johnson

THE BATH

Hang garlands on the bathroom door;
Let all the passages be spruce;
For, lo, the victim comes once more,
And, ah, he struggles like the deuce!

Bring soaps of many scented sorts;
Let girls in pinafores attend,
With John, their brother, in his shorts,
To wash their dusky little friend —

Their little friend, the dusky dog,
Short-legged and very obstinate,
Faced like a much-offended frog,
And fighting hard against his fate.

No Briton he! From palace-born
Chinese patricians he descends;
He keeps their high ancestral scorn;
His spirit breaks, but never bends.

Our water-ways he fain would 'scape;
He hates the customary bath

That thins his tail and spoils his shape,
And turns him to a fur-clad lath;

And, seeing that the Pekinese
Have lustrous eyes that bulge like buds,
He fain would save such eyes as these,
Their owner's pride, from British suds.

Vain are his protests — in he goes.
His young barbarians crowd around;
They soap his paws, they soap his nose;
They soap wherever fur is found.

And soon, still laughing, they extract
His limpness from the darkling tide;
They make the towel's roughness act
On back and head and dripping side.

They shout and rub and rub and shout —
He deprecates their odious glee —
Until at last they turn him out,
A damp, gigantic bumble-bee.

Released, he barks and rolls, and speeds
From lawn to lawn, from path to path,
And in one glorious minute needs
More soapsuds and another bath.

R. C. Lehmann

A LAUGH IN CHURCH

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.

She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honeybees
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where curled in a dusky heap,
Four sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap.
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

Anonymous

WHY THE DOG'S NOSE IS COLD

"What makes the dog's nose always cold?"
I'll try to tell you, Curls-of-gold,
If you will sit upon my knee
And very good and quiet be.

Well, years and years and years ago —
How many I don't really know —
There came a rain on sea and shore;
Its like was never seen before
Or since. It fell unceasing down
Till all the world began to drown.

But just before it down did pour,
An old, old man — his name was Noah —
Built him an ark, that he might save
His family from a watery grave;
And in it also he designed
To shelter two of every kind
Of beast. Well, dear, when it was done,
And heavy clouds obscured the sun,
The Noah folks to it quickly ran,
And then the animals began
To gravely march along in pairs.

The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears,
The deer, the hippopotamuses,
The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses,
The camels, goats, and cats, and donkeys,
The tall giraffes, the beavers, monkeys,
The rats, the big rhinoceroses,
The dromedaries and the horses,

The sheep, the mice, the kangaroos,
Hyenas, elephants, koodoos,
And many more — 't would take all day,
My dear, the very names to say —
And at the very, very end
Of the procession, by his friend
And master, faithful dog was seen.

The lifelong time he 'd helping been
To drive the crowd of creatures in;
And now, with loud, exultant bark,
He gayly sprang aboard the ark.

Alas! So crowded was the space
He could not in it find a place;
So, patiently, he turned about, —
Stood half-way in, and half-way out,
And those extremely heavy showers
Descended through nine hundred hours
And more; and, darling, at their close
Most frozen was his honest nose;
And never could it lose again
The dampness of that dreadful rain.

And that is what, my Curls-of-gold,
Made all the doggies' noses cold.

Margaret Eytinge

I'VE GOT A DOG

I've got a dog. The other boys
Have quantities of tools and toys,
And heaps of things that I ain't seen
(Ain't saw, I mean).

They've oars and clubs and golfin' sticks, —
I know a feller that has six,
And gee! you ought to see him drive!
But I've
Got a dog!

I've got a dog. His name is Pete.
The other children on our street
Have lots of things that I ain't got
(I mean, have not).
I know a boy that's got a gun.
I don't see why they have such fun
Playing with things that ain't alive;
But I've
Got a dog!

I've got a dog, and so, you see,
The boys all want to play with me;
They think he's such a cunnin' brute
(I mean, so cute).
That's why they leave their toys and games,
And run to us, and shout our names,
Whenever me and Pete arrive;
For I've
Got a dog!

Ethel M. Kelley

JUST OUR DOG

He was just a dog, mister — that's all;
And all of us boys called him Bub;
He was curly and not very tall
And he had n't a tail — just a stub.

His tail froze one cold night, you see;
We just pulled the rest of him through.
No — he did n't have much pedigree —
Perhaps that was frozen off, too.

He always seemed quite well behaved,
And he never had many bad fights;
In summer he used to be shaved
And he slept in the woodshed o' nights.
Sometimes he would wake up too soon
And cry, if his tail got a chill;
Some nights he would bark at the moon,
But some nights he would sleep very still.

He knew how to play hide-and-seek,
And he always would come when you 'd call;
He would play dead, roll over and speak,
And learned it in no time at all.
Sometimes he would growl, just in play,
But he never would bite, and his worst
Was to bark at the postman one day,
But the postman, he barked at him first.

He used to chase cats up a tree,
But that was just only in fun;
And a cat was as safe as could be —
Unless it should start out to run;
Sometimes he 'd chase children and throw
Them down, just while running along,
And then lick their faces to show
He did n't mean anything wrong.

He was chasing an automobile
When the wheel hit him right in the side,

So he just gave a queer little squeal
And curled up and stretched out and died.
His tail it was not very long,
He was curly and not very tall;
But he never did anything wrong —
He was just our dog, mister — that's all.

Anonymous

ODE ON THE DOG

My pitch-dark angel with a rosy tongue!
My own! — my own!
Why can't the grown-up things we live among
Let us alone?
Why do they have to talk the livelong day
About such silly things?
But if they must, — why can't they, anyway,
Have either tails or wings?

Of course I cannot love them as they are,
As much as you.
Why are n't they ever really beautiful,
— They, too? —
With curly coats, like wool;
And floppy ears to pull;
Yes, and a wide pink mouth, with such a smile!
Yes, and a tail that beats time all the while;
Beautiful! beautiful!
And golden stars, for eyes,
Behind the darkest trees
(Till your hair's parted)!
Why can't they have such darling ways as these? —
Why can't they be so lovely when they sneeze? —

Why can't they ever be so tender-hearted,
Or even look so wise
As you? —
My wonderful! (even if you won't say "mew");
My true prince in disguise!
Why can't they be
As funny, when they try to sing a song?
And when, for everything that I can do,
They won't agree, —
Why can't they think they're always in the wrong?
— Like you!

Why you, — O precious thing —
You are swift (almost) as any sparrow. —
Over the tall grass how you arch and spring,
Yes, like a bow and arrow! —
Oh, and how good to see you, when it snows,
Plough a long, lovely pathway with your nose!
(No grown-up could do it,
I suppose.)

My dearest blessing and my very own,
Even when I am grown,
Never do you forsake me!
If you don't go to heaven when you die,
— Neither will I:
Nothing can ever make me!
I won't go
For all that they can do.
No: on the steps outside, and down, below,
Forever and ever and ever, I'll stay too!
— With you.

Josephine Preston Peabody

LITTLE LOST PUP

He was lost! — Not a shade of doubt of that;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw,
With a drooping ear, and a trembling paw,
And a mournful look in his pleading eye,
And a plaintive sniff at the passer-by
That begged as plain as a tongue could sue,
" Oh, Mister, please may I follow you? "
A lorn, wee waif of a tawny brown
Adrift in the roar of a heedless town.
Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Well, he won my heart (for I set great store
On my own red Bute, who is here no more)
So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,
And who so glad as that small lost pup?

Now he shares my board, and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread.
Then if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,
And the world is cold, and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his right to assuage my woes
With a warm, red tongue and a nice, cold nose,
And a silky head on my arm or knee,
And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league about
He's as full of pranks as a school let out;

For he romps and frisks like a three-months colt,
And he runs me down like a thunder-bolt.
Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair
Is a gay little pup with his tail in air!

Anonymous

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
  Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
  To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

The dog and man at first were friends,
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith

BEHIND THE MUZZLE

I am feeling ache-and-ouchy,
And considerable grouchy;
I am not a firm believer in the charity of Man.
All my fine ideals have vanished,
And I feel as one who, banished,
Loses all respect and fervor for th' Land-of-Freedom plan.

When a handsome dog is muzzled,
He is filled with doubt and puzzled,
For behind a wire enclosure, he 's a prisoner of Fate.
Just imagine — being tailored,
By a plumber-man, and jailored,
With your whiskers in a tangle and your soul consumed with hate.

Muzzles keep you from exploring,
And if mutton-chops were pouring
From the pantry, you could never even get a scrap of meat.
They are in your way forever,
And, of course, are sure to sever
You from catching even chipmunks, or the cats along the street.

But humiliation frets me,
And my every look upsets me,
When I see that durn creation fastened on my regal face.
What if Man should wear such cages
On his mug . . . newspaper pages
Would be filled with rabid protest and the talk of his disgrace.

All my lady friends are grinning,
Me — whose ways were once so winning.
I must skulk along and sniffle in a barricade of wire.
Down with Law — and all its coppers,
For their tarnal canine hoppers,
That fill any peaceful doggie with a great and mighty ire.

W. Livingston Larned

REMARKS TO MY GROWN-UP PUP

By rules of fitness and of tense,
By all old canine precedents,
Oh Adult Dog, the time is up
When I may fondly call you pup —
The years have sped since first you stood,
In straddle-legged puppyhood, —

A watch-pup, proud of your renown,
Who barked so hard you tumbled down.
In Age's gain and Youth's retreat
You've found more team-work for your feet,
You drool a soupçon less, and hark!
There's fuller meaning to your bark.
But answer fairly, whilom pup,
Are these full proof of growing up?

I heard an elephantine tread
That jarred the rafters overhead:
Who leaped in mad abandon there
And tossed my slippers in the air?
Who, sitting gravely on the rug,
Espied a microscopic bug
And stalked it, gaining bit by bit, —
Then leapt in air and fell on it?
Who gallops madly down the breeze
Pursuing specks that no one sees,
Then finds some ancient boot instead
And worries it till it is dead?

I have no adult friends who choose
To gnaw the shoe-strings from my shoes, —
Who eat up twine and paper scraps
And bark while they are taking naps.
Oh Dog, you offer every proof
That stately age yet holds aloof.
Grown up? There's meaning in the phrase,
Of dignity as well as days.
Oh why such size, beloved pup? —
You've grown enough, but not grown up.

Burges Johnson

WALKING A PUPPY

"Will you walk a puppy?" The Hunt enquired.
Being sportsmen, we did as the Hunt desired;
And early in June there arrived a man
With an innocent bundle of white and tan,
A fat little foxhound, bred to the game,
With a rollicking eye and a league-long name,
And he played with a cork on the end of a
string;
And walking a puppy was "just the thing."

But the days went by and the bundle grew,
And broke the commandments and stole and
slew,
And covered the lawn with a varied loot
Of fowl and feather and bone and boot,
And scratched in the garden a hundred holes,
And wearied our bodies and damned our souls,
As we chased him over the plots, and swore
There was "walking a puppy" for us no more!

If he's half as good in a woodland ride
As he is at tucking young ducks inside,
And half as keen on the scent of a fox
As he is at finding my red silk socks,
It is safe to bet when our hound goes back
He will make a name in a ducal pack,
For he'll empty a cover — of beef or brose,
And he'll stick to a line — if it's hung with
clothes!

Will H. Ogilvie

HORSE, DOG, AND MAN

The horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to a fence:
Said the horse to the dog: "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense
In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands. Do you?"
And the dog looked solemn and shook his head, and said: "I'm a goat if I do!"

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them, "Stay!
You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my thumbs away!
You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain; ah, why would you treat me so?
As I am, God made me, and He knows best! Oh, masters, pray let me go!"

The dog laughed out, and the horse replied, "Oh, the cutting won't hurt you, see?
We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!
God gave you your thumbs and all, but still, the Creator, you know, may fail
To do the artistic thing, as He did in the furnishing me with a tail."

So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs, and were deaf to his pitiful cries.
And they seared the stumps, and they viewed their work through happy and dazzled eyes.

"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed,
"since his awkward thumbs are gone!
For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever
put them on!"

"Still it seems to me," the dog replied, "that
there's something else to do;
His ears look rather too long for me, and how do
they look to you?"
The man cried out: "Oh, spare my ears! God
fashioned them as you see,
And if you apply your knife to them, you'll surely
disfigure me."

"But you did n't disfigure me, you know," the dog
decisively said,
"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears
down close to the top of my head!"
So they let him moan and they let him groan while
they cropped his ears away,
And they praised his looks when they let him up,
and proud indeed were they.

But that was years and years ago, in an unen-
lightened age!
Such things are ended, now, you know; we've
reached a higher stage.
The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to
keep and wear,
And the cruel horse and dog look on, and never
appear to care.

S. E. Kiser

DOG-GREL VERSES, BY A POOR BLIND

Oh, what shall I do for a dog?
Of sight I have not got a particle,
Globe, *Standard*, or *Sun*,
Times, *Chronicle* — none
Can give *me* a good leading article.

A Mastiff once led me about,
But people appeared so to fear him —
I might have got pence
Without his defence,
But Charity would not come near him.

A Bloodhound was not much amiss,
But instinct at last got the upper;
And tracking Bill Soames,
And thieves to their homes,
I never could get home to supper.

A Fox-hound once served me as guide,
A good one at hill and at valley;
But day after day
He led me astray,
To follow a milk-woman's tally.

A Turnspit once did me good turns
At going and crossing and stopping;
Till one day his breed
Went off at full speed,
To spit at a great fire in Wapping.

A Pointer once pointed my way,
But did not turn out quite so pleasant;

Each hour I'd a stop
At a poulterer's shop
To point at a very high pheasant.

A Pug did not suit me at all,
The feature unluckily rose up;
And folk took offence
When offering pence,
Because of his turning his nose up.

A butcher once gave me a dog,
That turned out the worst one of any;
A Bull-dog's own pup,
I got a toss up,
Before he had brought me a penny.

My next was a Westminster dog,
From Aistrop the regular cadger;
But, sightless, I saw
He never would draw
A blind man so well as a badger.

A Greyhound I got by a swap,
But, Lord, we soon came to divorces;
He treated my strip
Of cord like a slip,
And left me to go my own courses.

A Poodle once towed me along,
But always we came to one harbor;
To keep his curls smart,
And shave his hind part,
He constantly called on a barber.

My next was a Newfoundland brute,
As big as a calf fit for slaughter;
But my old cataract
So truly he backed
I always fell into the water.

I once had a Sheep-dog for guide,
His worth did not value a button;
I found it no go,
A Smithfield Ducrow,
To stand on four saddles of mutton.

My next was an Esquimaux dog,
A dog that my bones ache to talk on;
For picking his ways
On frosty cold days
He picked out the slides for a walk on.

Bijou was a lady-like dog,
But vexed me at night not a little;
When tea-time was come
She would not go home,
Her tail had once trailed a tin kettle.

I once had a sort of a shock,
And kissed a street post like a brother;
And lost every tooth
In learning this truth —
One blind cannot well lead another.

A Terrier was far from a trump,
He had one defect, and a thorough;

I never could stir,
'Od rabbit the cur!
Without going into the Borough.

My next was Dalmatian, the dog!
And led me in danger, oh crikey!
By chasing horse heels,
Between carriage wheels,
Till I came upon boards that were spiky.

The next that I had was from Cross,
And once was a favorite spaniel
With Nero, now dead,
And so I was led
Right up to his den like a Daniel.

A Mongrel I tried, and he did,
As far as the profit and lossing,
Except that the kind
Endangers the blind,
The breed is so fond of a crossing.

A Setter was quite to my taste,
In alleys or streets broad or narrow,
Till one day I met
A very dead set,
At a very dead horse in a barrow.

I once had a dog that went mad,
And sorry I was that I got him;
It came to a run,
And a man with a gun
Peppered *me* when he ought to have shot him.

My profits have gone to the dogs,
My trade has been such a deceiver,
I fear that my aim
Is a mere losing game,
Unless I can find a Retriever.

Thomas Hood

THE OULD HOUND

When Shamus made shift wid a turf-hut
He'd naught but a hound to his name;
And whither he went thrailed the ould friend,
Dog-faithful and iver the same!

And he'd gnaw thro' a rope in the night-time,
He'd eat thro' a wall or a door,
He'd shwim thro' a lough in the winther,
To be wid his master wanst more!

And the two, faith, would share their last bannock;
They'd share their last collop and bone;
And deep in the starin' ould sad eyes
Lean Shamus would stare wid his own!

And loose hung the flanks av the ould hound
When Shamus lay sick on his bed —
Ay, waitin' and watchin' wid sad eyes,
He'd eat not av bone or av bread!

But Shamus be springtime grew betther,
And a trouble came into his mind;
And he'd take himself off to the village,
And be leavin' his hound behind!

And deep was the whine of the ould dog
Wid a love that was deeper than life —
But be Michaelmas, faith, it was whispered
That Shamus was takin' a wife!

A wife and a fine house he got him;
In a shay he went drivin' around;
And I met him be chance at the cross-roads,
And I says to him, " How's the ould hound?"

" My wife never took to that ould dog,"
Says he, wid a shrug av his slats,
" So we've got us a new dog from Galway,
And och, he's the divil for rats! "

Arthur Stringer

I HAD A DOG

Bewhiskered sprite
Of unrestrained delight,
As yet, un-named,
Flea-tortured, and untamed,
All hail! But do not get
Excited. 'T was a joke;
Most thoughtlessly I spoke:
Peace! Do not fret!
Thy dizzy circlings never shall avail
Thee aught, thou antic scrub,
To catch that stub
Which might have been but is not quite a tail.

The world is all before thee, lucky wight!
Three meals a day, and that which thou may'st find

Deliciously forbidden. And at night
A cosy bed, wherein a bacon-rind
Is buried, till its essence makes it known,
And out it goes; also that cherished bone,
Despite thy wild anxiety to keep
Such treasures buried round thee in thy sleep.

How thy small heart
Must palpitate to part
With these choice things!
And how thy nose,
Contemptuous, plainly shows
Indifference to the food thy master brings!

Ah, well! Thou had'st no choice
In finding this great world
Wherein thou dost rejoice
With energies unfurled
And flaunted in the face of stern, sad laws
That make thee think
All soap, white, blue or pink
And sweet, may be regretted with good cause.

'T is sad thou shouldst regret
Upon the coverlet,
Of my proud bed.
I ask thee, pup, why not,
Upon yon vacant lot,
Instead?

Still, I forgive thee! Hence, and go thy way
Thou pink-eyed satyr;

To-day is all thy day,
And so, what matter?
Growl at the pattern of the fearsome rug;
Bring forth lost slippers:
Challenge to battle yon slow beetle-bug,
Yes, he has nippers!
Tug at the curtains, they are naught but lace:
Yea! chew that rope,
'T is tough and in thee should not find a place,
Yet 't is not soap.

Disport thyself; this home is wholly thine,
Or take thine ease.
Explore thy pasture for elusive fleas;
Yea, scratch and whine.
E'en thy full joy
Must suffer some alloy,
For that is Life.
Yet, fortunate thy lot,
For thou hast not
An automobile, taxes or a wife!

Thy keen, all-seeing eyes,
Thy bold pretense,
Thy hurt, insidious guise
Of innocence:
Thy nip to see how hard thou dar'st to bite;
Thy tongue, apologetic, warm and wet:
Thy earnest effort that I should forget
Thy sins, outright:
Thy stealthy explorations and thy bark
On finding that the dining-room is dark:

Thy sly intent
To steal yon swaying, tasseled ornament —
Thou wild, untutored elf,
Canst in this artless etching see thyself?

Yea, grin! Yet wouldst thou woefully be missed
Shouldst thou elope
With some fond hope
Of finding fairer fields, thou anarchist!

O. R.

TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER

It's wonderful dogs they're breeding now;
Small as a flea or large as a cow;
But my old lad Tim he'll never be bet
By any dog that ever he met.
"Come on," says he, "for I'm not kilt yet."

No matter the size of the dog he'll meet,
Tim trails his coat the length o' the street.
D'ye mind his scars an' his ragged ear,
The like of a Dublin Fusilier?
He's a massacree dog that knows no fear.

But he'd stick to me till his latest breath;
An' he'd go with me to the gates of death.
He'd wait for a thousand years, maybe,
Scratching the door an' whining for me
If myself were inside in Purgatoree.

So I laugh when I hear thim make it plain
That dogs and men never meet again.

For all their talk, who'd listen to thim,
With the soul in the shining eyes of him?
Would God be wasting a dog like Tim?

Winifred M. Letts

THE SCHOLAR'S DOG

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
" Delight," my spaniel, slept whilst I baused leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: *and still my spaniel slept.*
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: *and still my spaniel slept.*
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate: *still my spaniel slept.*
Still on went I; first, " an sit anima;"
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together: *still my spaniel slept.*
Then, whether 't were corporeal, local, fixt,
" Ex traduce," but whether 't had free-will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt;
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,
Stufft noting-books: *and still my spaniel slept.*
At length he waked, and yawned; and, by yon sky.
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

John Marston

HIS GOOD POINTS

The Judges all agree that I'm
  Well nigh a perfect Peke,
And, at the dog shows, every time
  In highest praise they speak.
Look down my list of pedigrees,
  Glance o'er my standard points:
I'm " class" from forehead, if you please,
  To nose, and second joints.

Head — massive, broad, wide 'twixt th' eyes —
  Nose — black, and short and flat —
Eyes — large and lustrous — very wise —
  Ears — heart-shaped — low at that.
A Muzzle short and broad; a Mane —
  Profuse, with frill and ruff.
And, Shape of Body! well I'm vain,
  The Judges praised enough.

My Coat and Feather, critics say,
  Bar none, are paramount.
And Color records come my way
  As fast as I can count.
Legs — short — at elbows, bowing out,
  Feet — flat, with weight on toes.
Tail — curled, and muchly talked about,
  Because of classic pose.

In Size, I'm all that connoisseurs
  Would reckon trim and right,
A toy, my weight — the miniatures,
  Whilst fractions gauge my height.

Ten pounds of pedigree, am I;
A Peke of noble rank!
But, when it comes to temper — my!
I guess I draw a blank.

W. Livingston Larned

TO A PUPPY

Oh, puppy with the floppy ears
And waggly rear appendage —
And once-white coat that now with shears
Looks like it needed mendage;

You atom of dogginity —
To see you frisk and frolic
Right close to my vicinity
Cheers all my melancholic.

Lewette Beauchamp Pollock

TRAGEDY

A high bred young puppy from Skye
Searched long and in vain for his eye,
For his mistress with care
Had combed his long hair
O'er the place where these orbs ought to lie.

Anonymous

AN EPITAPH — 1792

Here lies one, who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.

Arméd men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd.
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire . . .

Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he call'd, not he
Who controls the boist'rous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

William Cowper

TO TOWSER

No pampered pound of peevish fluff
That goggles from a lady's muff
Art thou, my Towser. In the park
Thy form occasions no remark
Unless it be a friendly call
From soldiers walking in the Mall,
Or the impertinence of pugs
Stretched at their ease on carriage rugs.

For thou art sturdy and thy fur
Is rougher than the prickly burr;
Thy manners brusque, thy deep " bow-wow "
(Inherited, but Lord knows how!)
Far other than the frenzied yaps
That emanate from ladies' laps.

Thou art, in fact, of doggy size
And hast the brown and faithful eyes,
So full of love, so void of blame
That fill a master's heart with shame, —
Because he knows he never can
Be more a dog and less a man.

No champion of a hundred shows,
The prey of every draught that blows,
Art thou; in fact thy charms present
The earmarks of a mixed descent.
And though too proud to start a fight
With every cur that looms in sight,
None ever saw thee quail beneath
A foeman worthy of thy teeth.

Thou art, in brief, a model hound,
Not so much beautiful as sound
In heart and limb; not always strong
When nose and eyes impel to wrong.
Nor always doing just as bid
But sterling as the minted " quid."

And I have loved thee in my fashion,
Shared with thy face my frugal ration,
Squandered my balance at the bank
When thou didst chew the postman's shank,
And gone in debt replacing stocks
Of private cats and Plymouth Rocks.

And, when they claimed the annual fee
That seals the bond 'twixt thee and me,
Against harsh Circumstance's edge,
Did I not put my fob in pledge

And cheat the minions of excise
Who otherwise had ta'en thee prize?

And thou with leaps of lightsome mood
Didst bark eternal gratitude
And seek my feelings to assail
With agitations of the tail.

Yet are there beings lost to grace
Who claim that thou art out of place, —
That when the dogs of war are loose
Domestic kinds are void of use,
And that a chicken or a hog
Should take the place of every dog,
Which though, with appetite endued,
Is not itself a source of food.

What! shall we part? Nay, rather we'll
Renounce the cheap but wholesome meal
That men begrudge us, and we'll take
Our leave of bones and puppy cake.
Back to the woods we'll hie, and there
Thou'lt hunt the fleet but fearful hare,
Pursue the hedge's prickly pig,
Dine upon rabbits' eggs and dig
With practiced paw and eager snuffle
The shy but oh! so toothsome truffle.

Cyril Bretherton

THE JOY OF PEDIGREE

Some dogs I know play in the street,
  Have cans tied neatly to their tails;
Some run along with sloppy feet,
  Or hug the muddy road, like snails.

Of course, the common sort must thrive
And careless kinds of canines be —
But I am glad that I 'm alive
And have a stylish pedigree.

Some pups I've seen eat common stuff,
Plant bones and other silly stunts;
They fight and pull each other — " rough,"
Is what I heard folks term it, once.
Some dogs mix with the vulgar crowd;
But none of that for petted *me*,
Thank goodness, Royalty 's allowed:
I 'm for a dash of pedigree.

Some animals of lower class
Mix with the crudest forms of man,
Chase mice, and even skunks, alas!
Improvident — a lowly clan.
But I — plush pillows for my head;
Pure cream — by doctor's orders — see?
A fleecy, flossy sort of bed,
The which goes with a pedigree.

Run alleys — stay out nights and bark:
Grow hoarse, loud-mouthing at th' moon;
Chase chipmunks in th' plebeian Park,
Your wastrel ways will get you soon.
I want my swift ride in the car;
I want the chauffeur's livery;
Bring on your wealth, where comforts are,
I'm glad to have my pedigree.

W. Livingston Larned

TO A DACHSHOUND

My faithful Peter, mount upon my knee,
And shame me with the patience of your eyes,
Till I for divers patriots that be
Humbly apologize —

Not for the street-boy, him you had for years
And, knowing, make allowance for his ways,
If hoots of ignorance and stones and jeers
Martyr your latter days;

But for such shoddy patriots as join
The street-boy's manners to a petty mind,
And dealing little in true minted coin,
Tender the baser kind.

For instance, Smith (till lately, Gründelhorn)
Who meets you with your mistress all alone,
And growls: "a German beast," with senseless scorn,
In a (still) guttural tone.

And Jones, who owes his mansion to the War
And loves to drown great luncheons in champagne,
But who to prove he loves his England more,
Strikes at you with his cane —

The while Miss Podsnap, who in dogs can brook
No name that smacks of Teuton, snatches up,
Lest you contaminate it with a look,
Her Pomeranian pup.

Forgive them, Pete! we are not all well-bred,
Not all so wise, so sensible as you;
Not all our sires, for generations dead,
To British homes were true.

Yet prizing steadfast love and fealty, some
The gulf of their deficiencies may span,
And learn of you the virtues that become
An English gentleman.

E. T. Hopkins

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

MEMORIES

"No, no! If a man does not soon pass beyond the thought: 'By what shall this dog profit me?' into the large state of simple gladness to be with dog, he shall never know the very essence of that companionship which depends, not on the points of a dog, but on some strange and subtle mingling of mute spirits. For it is by muteness that a dog becomes for one so utterly beyond value; with him one is at peace, where words play no torturing tricks. When he just sits loving and knows that he is being loved, those are the moments that I think are precious to a dog; — when, with his adoring soul coming through his eyes, he feels that you are really thinking of him.

* * *

"Do they know as we do that their time must come? Yes, they know at rare moments. No other way could I interpret those pauses of his latter life when, propped on his forefeet, he would sit for long minutes quite motionless — his head drooped, utterly withdrawn; then turn those eyes of his and look at me. That look said more plainly than all words could: 'Yes, I know that I must go!' If we *have spirits that persist,* they *have. If* we *know after our departure, who we were,* they *do. No one, I think, who really longs for truth, can ever glibly say which it will be for dog and man — persistence or extinction of our consciousness."*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE LOST TRAIL

Born rangers both of us and we were young,
Lusty and like, in that we shunned the town
And loved the high, far hills that overhung
Great purple tides of forest rolling down
Into a sheer of space that dimmed the eye
To gaze on overlong. My duty led
To many tasks; the foremost to descry
The creeping forest-fire; my comrade bred
Of royal stock beyond the Baltic sea,
A wolf-dog, ran the forest trails with me;

Ranging the brush a silent, silvery ghost;
Peering perchance across the wide abyss
Of some lost cañon's desolated coast
Wond'ring what lay beyond the nothingness;
Or breathing deep the taint of lion-pad,
Pausing with forefoot lifted, questful eye,
An instant statue — then the quick, the glad
Wild chase to catch the fleeting phantasy,
Till shadowy shape with shadow melted — then,
Hearing my whistle, back to me again:

Or — and uncalled — from out the under-maze
Of whipping brush, he'd lunge and leap to bring
His kill to me, with pride that I should gaze
Upon the still form of the fleet, wild thing;
Then spake his eyes, aglow with native pride;
"Here at your feet my gift the kill, I lay;
Forever will I follow where you ride;
Bid me to go or come — and I obey."

Such was his blood: that thoroughbred, high strain
Of loyalty, affection, courage; true
To me, his god, though hunger, hardship, pain
Were his reward. Yet sometimes breaking through
His dignity there came a gleam of wit;
I dwelling on some sorrow, some old wrong,
He'd act the puppy for my benefit;
Then would he fling himself with that deep song
Of battle, when the fighting prey is near,
Straight at my breast and shake me from my dream
With the brute shock; then jumping high and clear,
In, like a stroke of flame, out, like the gleam
Of dawn among the pines, till done the play;
Paws on my shoulder, quick breath on my cheek,
He'd tell me in his big, warm friendly way,
All that his faithful soul would gladly speak.

* * *

Steep the lost trail and narrow, narrower grew
Even to the angle where it disappeared.
I felt my pony stiffen, looked and knew
His sudden terror — what he saw and feared:
Crouched on the rock, as lithe as crawling mist
A mountain-lion clung. What held my hand
In dull inaction, helpless to resist
The threatening fury, who may understand?
Only, I knew — beheld in waking dream
Of stupor, something past me rise and creep
Along the ledge; I saw the sunlight gleam
On a gray wolf-dog's coat; then, o'er the deep
Came a low whimper that I read aright —
Farewell — not fear: There on the cañon rim
He quivered to the leap and made his fight,
Then I, poor fool, drew gun and followed him.

How often on the lost trail have I stood,
Calling adown the silence till there came
Faint from the depths of starlit solitude,
The old, beloved cadence of his name.
A memory: an echo: Yet I know
— Else is no truth in dreams or voice of sleep —
He waits his master's coming, eyes aglow,
An instant statue topping some far steep,
Or ranging through the brush a silvery ghost,
Peering, perchance, across the wide abyss
Of some lost cañon's desolated coast,
Wond'ring what lies beyond the nothingness.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

IN THE MANSION YARD

There's no need now to look about my feet,
  Or lift a cautious chair —
But uses of old years my senses cheat,
  And still I think him there.

Along the hearth-rug stretched in full content,
  Fond of the fire as I —
Ah! there were some things with the old dog went
  I had not thought could die.

The flawless faith mankind not often earn
  Nor give, he gave to me;
And that deep fondness in his eyes did burn
  Mine own were shamed to see.

And though to men great Isis, Isis is
  But while she wears her veil,

This love looked on my stark infirmities
Life-long, and did not fail.

And is it clean gone? Nay, an indian's heart
Have I, and even in heaven,
If heaven be mine, I pray some humble part
To earth-joys may be given —

Far down the ringing streets, some quiet yard,
Drowsy with afternoon
And bees, with young grass dandelion-starred,
And lilacs breathing June —

Across whose mossy walls the rolling psalms,
Like dream-songs, come aloud,
Shall float, and flying angels vex our calms
No more than flying cloud —

Some nook within my Father's House, where still
He lets me hide old toys,
Nor shames me even if foolish Memory will
Play with long laid-by joys.

There may my friend await, as once on earth,
My step, my hand's caress,
And nought of Heaven-town mingle with our mirth
But everlastingness.

William Hervey Woods

"DAVY"

Davy, her Knight, her dear, was dead,
Low in the dust was the silken head,

"Is n't there heaven?"
(She was but seven)
"Is n't there (sobbing) for dogs?" she said.

"Man is immortal, sage or fool:
Animals end by a different rule."
So had they prated
Of things created,
An hour before, in her Sunday-school.

Trusty and glad and true, who could
Match her hero of hardihood,
Rancorless, selfless,
Prideless, pelfless? —
How I should like to be half so good!

Firebrand eye and icicle nose;
Ear inwrought like a guelder rose;
All the sweet wavy
Beauty of Davy! —
Sad, not to answer whither it goes!

"Is n't there heaven for dogs that's dead?
God made Davy out of His head:
If He unmake him
Does n't He take him?
Why should He throw him away?" she said.

The birds were busy, the brook was gay
But the little hand was in mine all day.
Nothing could bury
That infinite query:
"Davy — would God throw him away?"

Louise Imogen Guiney

THE CURATE THINKS YOU HAVE NO SOUL

The curate thinks you have no soul;
I know that he has none. But you,
Dear friend, whose solemn self-control,
In our four-square familiar pew,
Was pattern to my youth — whose bark
Called me in summer dawns to rove —
Have you gone down into the dark
Where none is welcome — none may love?
I will not think those good brown eyes
Have spent their light of truth so soon;
But in some canine paradise
Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,
And quarters every plain and hill,
Seeking his master . . . As for me,
This prayer at least the gods fulfill:
That when I pass the flood and see
Old Charon by the Stygian coast
Take toll of all the shades who land,
Your little, faithful barking ghost
May leap to lick my phantom hand.

St. John Lucas

"LADDIE"

Lowly the soul that waits
At the white, celestial gates,
A threshold soul to greet
Belovéd feet.

Down the streets that are beams of sun
Cherubim children run;

They welcome it from the wall;
Their voices call.

But the Warder saith: "Nay, this
Is the City of Holy Bliss.
What claim canst thou make good
To angelhood?"

"Joy," answereth it from eyes
That are amber ecstasies,
Listening, alert, elate,
Before the gate.

Oh, how the frolic feet
On lonely memory beat!
What rapture in a run
'Twixt snow and sun!

"Nay, brother of the sod,
What part hast thou in God?
What spirit art thou of?"
It answers: "Love,"

Lifting its head, no less
Cajoling a caress,
Our winsome collie wraith,
Than in glad faith

The door will open wide,
Or kind voice bid: "Abide,
A threshold soul to greet
The longed-for feet."

Ah, Keeper of the Portal,
If Love be not immortal,
If Joy be not divine,
What prayer is mine?
Katharine Lee Bates

GEIST'S GRAVE

Four years! — and didst thou stay above
The ground which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

* * *

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things —

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould —
What! was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four! — and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

* * *

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse;
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair —

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us only art thou dear,
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hadst thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we,
And after that — thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
E'en to a date beyond our own,
We strive to carry down the name,
By moulded turf and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watched thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travellers on the Portsmouth road; —
There build we thee, O guardian dear,
Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode!

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say:

People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachshound, Geist, their little friend.

Matthew Arnold

"CLUNY"

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God —
Since He is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that His bounty sends —
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To Him whom God I know and own; his eye
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God His wise corrections sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;
And from me never crumb or sup will take
But wags thanks with his most vocal tail;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear
He is content and quiet if I'm near,
Secure that my protection will prevail;

So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

May 24–25, 1902

He had lived out his life, but not his love;
Daily up steep and weary stair he came,
His big heart bursting with the strain, to prove
His loneliness without me. Just the same
Old word of greeting beamed in his deep eye,
With a new look of wonder in it, asking why
" The whole creation groans and travails."
He
And I there faced the mystery of pain.
Finding me dumb and helpless, down again
He went, unanswered, with the dawn to die,
And find the mystery opened with the day:
" The creature from corruption's bondage free."

Right Rev. William Croswell Doane

ROGER AND I

Well, Roger, my dear old doggie, they say that your
race is run;
And our jolly tramps together up and down the
world are done;
You 're only a dog, old fellow, a dog, and you 've had
your day;
But never a friend of all my friends has been truer
than you alway.

We 've had glorious times together in the fields and
pastures fair;
In storm and sunny weather we have romped with-
out a care;

And however men have treated me, though foul or
fair their deal —
However many the friends that failed, I've found
you true as steel.

That's right, my dear old fellow, look up with your
knowing eye,
And lick my hand with your loving tongue that
never has told a lie;
And don't be afraid, old doggie, if your time has
come to go,
For somewhere out in the great Unknown there's a
place for you, I know.

Then don't you worry, old Comrade; and don't you
fear to die;
For out in that fairer country I will find you by and
by;
And I'll stand by you, old fellow, and our love will
surely win,
For never a heaven shall harbor me where they
won't let Roger in.

When I reach that City Glorious, behind the waiting
dark,
Just come and stand outside the gate, and wag your
tail and bark —
I'll hear your voice, and I'll know it, and I'll come
to the gate and say:
" Saint Peter, that's my dog out there, you must let
him come this way."

And then if the saint refuses, I'll go to the One above,
And say: " Old Roger is at the gate, with his heart brim full of love;
And there is n't a shining angel, of all the heavenly band,
Who ever lived a nobler life than he in the earthly land."

Then I know the gate will open, and you will come frisking in,
And we 'll roam fair fields together, in that country free from sin.
So never you mind, old Roger, if your time has come to go;
You 've been true to me, I 'll be true to you — and the Lord is good, we know.

You 're only a dog, old fellow; a dog, and you 've had your day —
Well, I 'm getting there myself, old boy, and I have n't long to stay;
But you 've stood by me, old Comrade, and I 'm bound to stand by you;
So don't you worry, old Roger, for our love will pull us through.

Rev. Julian S. Cutler

TO JOHN, MY COLLIE

So you have left me. Here 's the end,
My loyal comrade, fellow, friend,

You 've had your day, as all dogs must,
Nor all your love and faith and trust
Could keep you with me — fellow, friend,
You 've run your race and here 's the end.

No, not the end! For how shall I
Lay claim to immortality,
If naught your faith and love and trust
Availed to save your soul from dust?
Out of your brown eyes looked at me
A very soul, if souls there be,
And when at Peter's gate I knock,
And Peter's keys hear in the lock,
And hear not any answering bark,
I 'll fare again into the dark,
From star to star, through God's wide space,
Until I find your dwelling place.

And when I find you where you dwell,
Perchance in fields of asphodel,
Guarding white Elysian sheep,
One eye shut, pretending sleep —
But only one — and one ear cocked,
And chin on paws — though gate be locked
And bars be high, no gates there are
Can hold you back, nor any bar,
Nor angel with the flaming sword,
When once you hear your master's word.

Perhaps they will not want me there,
Perhaps not want you otherwhere,
And so once more our way we 'll wend,
To outer darkness, friend and friend,

Nor lack for any light, we two,
So you have me and I have you.
And if perchance we lose our way,
Nor anywhere can find the day,
Together we will fall asleep,
Together sink into the deep
Great sea of nothingness, we two,
You with me and I with you.

Walter Peirce

SIR WALTER'S FRIEND

" Your invitation, sir, to dine
With you to-night I must decline
Because to-day I lost a friend —
A friend long known and loved." Thus penned
The good Sir Walter, aptly named
The Wizard of the North, and famed
For truest, gentlest heart, among
The homes that love the English tongue.
Great heart, that felt the soul of things
In all its high imaginings,
And showed, 'mid vexing stress and strife
Of worldly cares, a hero's life!
An humble friend it was he loved,
And oft together they had roved
The heather hills and sweet brae-side,
Or braved the rushing river's tide;
And many a frosty winter night
Sat musing by the warm firelight —
A faithful friend, whom chance and change
Of fleeting years could ne'er estrange.

For he who once has gained the love
And friendship of a dog shall prove
Thro' joy and sorrow to the end
The deep devotion of a friend.
What is it? More than instinct fine,
This something man cannot divine,
Which speaks from eyes where lips are mute,
Which makes the creature we name brute
The noblest pattern we may see
Of loving, lasting loyalty.
We dare not call it mind or soul,
We know not what or where its goal,
But aye we know its little span
Of life spells large: Friendship to man.
No wonder Scott, in grief, should say,
"I lost a much-loved friend to-day!"

Zitella Cocke

LADDIE'S LONG SLEEP

He wagged his tail to the very last —
And he smiles in his last, long sleep —
The troubles of life, for him, are past,
In his grave, a few feet deep.
His soul — for I feel that he had a soul
And he thought real thoughts, I know, —
Has found the ultimate end, life's goal,
In the heaven where good dogs go.

He has lived with me and has suffered with me,
Shed tears, in his dog-like way;
He has placed his paw at times on my knee,
In a vain attempt to say:

" God never gave us that wondrous power,
To tell all the things we feel,
But, I want to say, in my canine way,
That my sympathy is real."

So I loved my dog to the very end,
And he in our daily walk,
Was never just dog, but a constant friend
And we had no need to talk.
And I hope, when the summons comes, for me
To embark on the unknown tide,
I shall find his eyes in the Paradise
They say is the Other Side.

James Clarence Harvey

"WITHOUT ARE DOGS"

If, through some wondrous miracle of grace,
To the Celestial City I might win,
And find upon the golden pavement, place,
The gates of pearl within;

In some sweet pausing of the immortal song
To which the choiring Seraphim give birth,
Should I not for that humbler greeting long,
Known in the dumb companionships of earth?

Friends whom the softest whistle of my call
Brought to my side in love that knew no doubt —
Would I not seek to cross the jasper wall
If haply I might find you there " without "?

Edward A. Church

"HAMISH" — A SCOTCH TERRIER

Little lad, little lad, and who's for an airing,
Who's for the river and who's for a run;
Four little pads to go fitfully faring,
Looking for trouble and calling it fun?
Down in the sedges the water-rats revel,
Up in the wood there are bunnies at play
With a weather-eye wide for a Little Black Devil:
But the Little Black Devil won't come to-day.

To-day at the farm the ducks may slumber,
To-day may the tabbies an anthem raise;
Rat and rabbit beyond all number
To-day untroubled may go their ways:
To-day is an end of the shepherd's labour,
No more will the sheep be hunted astray;
And the Irish terrier, foe and neighbour,
Says, "What's old Hamish about to-day?"

Ay, what indeed? In the nether spaces
Will the soul of a Little Black Dog despair?
Will the Quiet Folk scare him with shadow-faces?
And how will he tackle the Strange Beasts there?
Tail held high, I'll warrant, and bristling,
Marching stoutly if sore afraid,
Padding it steadily, softly whistling; —
That's how the Little Black Devil was made.

Then well-a-day for a "cantie callant,"
A heart of gold and a soul of glee, —
Sportsman, gentleman, squire and gallant, —
Teacher, maybe, of you and me.

Spread the turf on him light and level,
Grave him a headstone clear and true —
"Here lies Hamish, the Little Black Devil,
And half of the heart of his mistress too."

C. Hilton Brown

TO "SCOTT" — A COLLIE

Old friend, your place is empty now. No more
Shall we obey the imperious, deep-mouthed call
That begged the instant freedom of our hall.
We shall not trace your foot-fall on the floor
Nor hear your urgent paws upon the door.
The loud-thumped tail that welcomed one and all,
The volleyed bark that nightly would appal
Our tim'rous errand boys — these things are o'er.

But always yours shall be a household name,
And other dogs must list' your storied fame;
So gallant and so courteous, Scott, you were,
Mighty abroad, at home most debonair.
Now God who made you will not count it blame
That we commend your spirit to His care.

Winifred M. Letts

THE DEAD BOY'S PORTRAIT AND HIS DOG

Day after day I have come and sat
Beseechingly upon the mat,
Wistfully wondering where you are at.

Why have they placed you on the wall,
So deathly still, so strangely tall?
You do not turn from me, nor call.

Why do I never hear my name?
Why are you fastened in a frame?
You are the same, and not the same.

Away from me why do you stare
So far out in the distance where
I am not? I am *here,* not there!

What has your little doggie done?
You used to whistle me to run
Beside you or ahead, for fun!

You used to pat me, and a glow
Of pleasure through my life would go!
How is it that I shiver so?

My tail was once a waving flag
Of welcome. Now I cannot wag
It for the weight I have to drag.

I know not what has come to me.
'T is only in my sleep I see
Things smiling as they used to be.

I do not dare to bark; I plead
But dumbly, and you never heed;
Nor my protection seem to need.

I watch the door, I watch the gate;
I am watching early, watching late,
Your doggie still! — I watch and wait.

Gerald Massey

FAITHFUL FOLLOWER, GENTLE FRIEND

My merry-hearted comrade on a day
Gave over all his mirth, and went away
Upon the darksome journey I must face
Sometime as well. Each hour I miss his grace,
His meek obedience and his constancy.
Never again will he look up to me
With loyal eyes, nor leap for my caress
As one who wished not to be masterless;
And never shall I hear his pleading bark
Outside the door when all the ways grow dark,
Bidding the house-folk gather close inside.
It seems a cruel thing, since he has died,
To make his memory small, or deem it sin
To reckon such a mate as less than kin.

O faithful follower, O gentle friend,
If thou art missing at the journey's end —
Whate'er of joy or solace there I find
Unshared by thee I left so far behind,
The gladness will be mixed with tears, I trow —
My little crony of the long ago!
For how could heaven be home-like, with the door
Fast-locked against a loved one evermore?

Richard Burton

THE TEAR OF FRIENDSHIP

When some dear human friend to death doth bow,
Fair blooming flowers are strewn upon the bier,
And haply, in the silent house, we hear
The last wild kiss ring on the marble brow,
And lips that never missed reply till now;
And thou, poor dog, wert in thy measure dear —
And so I owe thee honor, and the tear
Of friendship, and would all thy worth allow.
In a false world thy heart was brave and sound;
So, when my spade carved out thy latest lair,
A spot to rest thee on I sought and found —
It was a tuft of primrose, fresh and fair,
And, as it was thy last hour above ground,
I laid thy sightless head full gently there.

"I cannot think thine all is buried here,"
I said, and sigh'd, — the wind awoke and blew
The morning beam along the gossamer
That floated o'er thy grave all wet with dew.
A hint of better things, however slight,
Will feed a loving heart; it soothed my woe
To watch that little shaft of heavenly light
Pass o'er thee, moving gently to and fro.
Within our Father's heart the secret lies
Of this dim world; why should *we*, *only*, live,
And what was I that I should close my eyes
On all those rich presumptions, that reprieve
The meanest life from dust and ashes? Lo!
How much, on such dark ground, a gleaming thread
can do!

Charles Tennyson Turner

LAD'S EPITAPH

LAD
Thoroughbred in Body and Soul

Some people are wise enough to know that a dog has no soul. These will find ample theme for mirth in our foolish inscription. But no one who knew Lad will laugh at it.

Albert Payson Terhune

"BOATSWAIN'S" MONUMENT

This monument is still a conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead Abbey. The following is the inscription by which the verses are preceded:

Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains
of one
Who possessed Beauty
Without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man
Without his Vices.

This Praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over Human Ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
"Boatswain," a Dog
Who was born at Newfoundland,
May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey
Nov. 18, 1808.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below.
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth —
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.

Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power, —
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on — it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one — and here he lies.

Byron

"FRANCES"

You were a dog, Frances, a dog,
And I was just a man.
The Universal Plan, —

Well, 't would have lacked something
Had it lacked you.
Somehow you fitted in like a far star
Where the vast spaces are;
Or like a grass-blade
Which helps the meadow
To be a meadow;
Or like a song which kills a sigh
And sings itself on and on
Till all the world is full of it.
You were the real thing, Frances, a soul!
Encarcassed, yes, but still a soul
With feeling and regard and capable of woe.
Oh yes I know, you were a dog, but I was
just a man.
I did not buy you, no, you simply came,
Lost, and squatted on my door-step
With that wide strap about your neck, —
A worn one with a huge buckle.
When bigger dogs pitched onto you
You stood your ground and gave them all
you had
And took your wounds unwhimpering, but
hid them.
My, but you were game!
You were fine-haired
And marked with Princeton colors,
Black and deep yellow.
No other fellow
Could make you follow him,
For you had chosen me to be your pal.
My whistle was your law.
You put your paw

Upon my palm
And in your calm,
Deep eyes was writ
The promise of long comradeship.
When I came home from work,
Late and ill-tempered,
Always I heard the patter of your feet upon the
oaken stairs;
Your nose was at the door-crack;
And whether I'd been bad or good that day
You fawned, and loved me just the same.
It was your way to understand;
And if I struck you, my harsh hand
Was wet with your caresses.
You took my leavings, crumb and bone,
And stuck by me through thick and thin.
You were my kin.
And then one day you died,
At least that's what they said.
There was a box and
You were in it, still,
With a sprig of myrtle and your leash and blanket,
And put deep;
But though you sleep and ever sleep
I sense you at my heels!

Richard Wightman

"THE DOG WHO LOVED YOU SO"

The noblest, truest friend I had,
The friend so staunch and leal,
Whose love wrought of my sometime slights
The very hooks of steel,

Which grappled me unto her heart
And held me there alway —
The friend who never flinched nor failed,
Was buried yesterday.

And now to-day I sit apart,
In musing sad and deep,
And wonder where my friend has gone,
What friendship she may keep;
For her could be no future woe,
But in a larger weal,
A fuller life awaiting her
That earth could not reveal.

She lived, she felt, she thought, she loved —
Can He who did bestow
That power of thought, that wealth of love,
His wondrous work forego?
Or shall the heart that beats so true
To God's own image here,
Know naught of a Creator's love
In a diviner sphere?

We may not speak beyond our ken
How e'er our thoughts may rove —
But my own soul has richer grown
Because of this friend's love.
And it may be, sometime, somewhere,
Some being I shall know
Who gives me welcome: "Friend, I was
The dog who loved you so."

Zitella Cocke

THE VICAR'S TRIBUTE

"PLUM-PUDDING'S" EPITAPH

"Pudding!" companion of my parish round,
Content to walk to heel or patient wait,
Eager to follow, and yet always found
Watching attentive at the sick man's gate:
Thy task is done, and through the busy mart,
The idler sees thee thread thy way no more,
But I, who know thy faithful, loving heart,
Expect to meet thee at the Heavenly door.

George Arbuthnot
Vicar of Trinity Church
Stratford-on-Avon

HIS VANISHED MASTER

Past happiness dissolves. It fades away,
Ghost-like, in that dim attic of the mind,
To which the dreams of childhood are consigned.
Here, withered garlands hang in slow decay,
And trophies glimmer in the dying ray
Of stars that once with heavenly glory shined.
But you old friend, are you still left behind
To tell the nearness of life's yesterday?

Ah, boon companion of my vanished boy,
For you he lives; in every sylvan walk
He waits; and you expect him everywhere.
How would you stir, what cries, what bounds of joy,
If but his voice were heard in casual talk,
If but his footstep sounded on the stair!

John Jay Chapman

"LONELY I GO FARING"

Oh, friend, ten years did you and I
  Travel so blithe together;
Under the blue and starry sky,
  In grey and golden weather.

But now that Spring begins to stir,
  You sleep with grasses o'er you.
Oh, my small fellow-traveller,
  I am so lonely for you!

It is not the same world, you know,
  Wanting your face, asthoreen;
And tears are with me as I go
  By grassy land and boreen.

Your little ragged face I need,
  Your lifted eyes' devotion;
That faithful heart of yours, indeed,
  It was Love's very ocean.

I want the four small pads that went
  Beside me, night and morning.
Ochone! the pleasant days are spent,
  And there is no returning.

For, though my heart may cry and call,
  At last you lie uncaring;
You keep your narrow house and small,
  While lonely I go faring.

Anonymous

RANGER'S GRAVE

He's dead and gone! He's dead and gone!
And the lime-tree branches wave,
And the daisy blows,
And the green grass grows,
Upon his grave.

He's dead and gone! He's dead and gone!
And he sleeps by the flowering lime,
Where he loved to lie,
When the sun was high,
In summer time.

We've laid him there, for I could not bear
His poor old bones to hide
In some dark hole,
Where rat and mole
And blind-worms bide.

We've laid him there, where the blessed air
Disports with the lovely light
And raineth showers
Of those sweet flowers
So silver white;

Where the blackbird sings, and the wild bee's wings
Make music all day long,
And the cricket at night
(A dusky sprite!)
Takes up the song.

He loved to lie where his wakeful eye
Could keep me still in sight —

Whence a word or a sign
Or look of mine
Brought him like light.

No word nor sign, nor look of mine,
From under the lime-tree bough,
With bark and bound,
And frolic round,
Shall bring him now.

But he taketh his rest where he loved best
In the days of his life to be,
And that place will not
Be a common spot
Of earth to me.

Caroline Bowles Southey

TO SIGURD

Not one blithe leap of welcome? Can you lie
Under this woodland mold,
More still
Than broken daffodil,
When I,
Home from too long a roving,
Come up the silent hill?
Dear, wistful eyes,
White ruff and windy gold
Of collie coat so oft caressed,
Not one quick thrill
In snowy breast,
One spring of jubilant surprise,
One ecstasy of loving?

Are all our frolics ended? Never more
Those royal romps of old,
When one,
Playfellow of the sun,
Would pour
Adventures and romances
Into a morning run;
Off and away,
A flying glint of gold,
Startling to wing a husky choir
Of crows whose dun
Shadows would tire
Even that wild speed? Unscared to-day
They hold their weird seances.

Ever you dreamed, legs twitching, you
would catch
A crow, O leaper bold,
Next time, —
Or chase to branch sublime
That batch
Of squirrels daring capture
In saucy pantomime;
Till one spring dawn,
Resting amid the gold
Of crocuses, Death stole on you
From that far clime
Where dreams come true,
And left upon the starry lawn
Your form without your rapture.

And was Death's whistle then so wondrous
sweet
Across the glimmering wold

That you
Would trustfully pursue
Strange feet?
When I was gone, each morrow
You sought our old haunts through,
Slower to play,
Drooping in faded gold.
Now it is mine to grieve and miss
My comrade true,
Who used to kiss
With eager tongue such tears away,
Coaxing a smile from sorrow.

I know not what life is, nor what is death,
Nor how vast Heaven may hold
All this
Earth-beauty and earth-bliss.
Christ saith
That not a sparrow falleth
— O songs of sparrow faith! —
But God is there.
May not a leap of gold
Yet greet me on some gladder hill,
A shining wraith,
Rejoicing still,
As in those hours we found so fair,
To follow where love calleth?

Katharine Lee Bates

FINIS

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